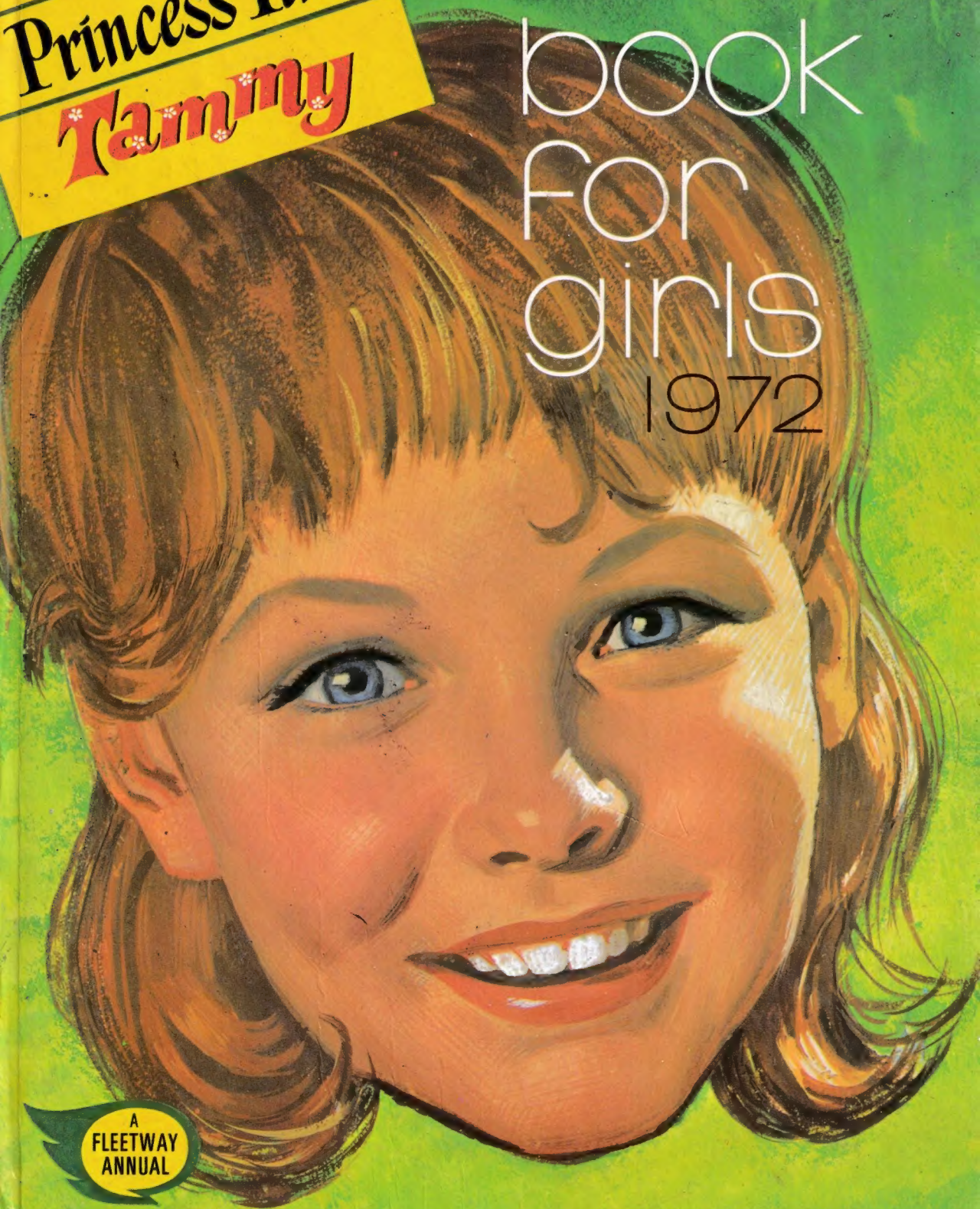


June and
SCHOOL FRIEND
Princess Tina
Tammy

BIRTHDAY book for girls 1972



A
FLEETWAY
ANNUAL



CONTENTS

Picture Stories

The Happy Days	4
Glen, the dog with a nose for adventure	25
The Trolls	30
Barbie, the Model-Girl	35
Petrouchka, the story of an unhappy puppet	42
The Trolls	50
Sindy's Good Deed	52
Willy, the Wily Wolf	58
My Father, my enemy	59
Milly, the Merry Mermaid	75
Heidi	76
Sindy, to the rescue	97
Bessie Bunter	103
Sister to a Soccer Star	109
The Girl's of Liberty Lodge	115
Milly, the Merry Mermaid	121
Oh, Tinker	122



901267-78-3

©IPC MAGAZINES, 1972





Short Stories

- 16 The Fake Queen
- 48 The Deer
- 65 Romeo and Juliet
- 72 Poacher's Punishment
- 94 Pip meets Estella

Features

- 18 The Scorched Canary
- 68 Make a Motif
- 89 The Sleeping Beauty Ballet

Poem

- 41 Home Wanted
- 34 Jokes Around the World

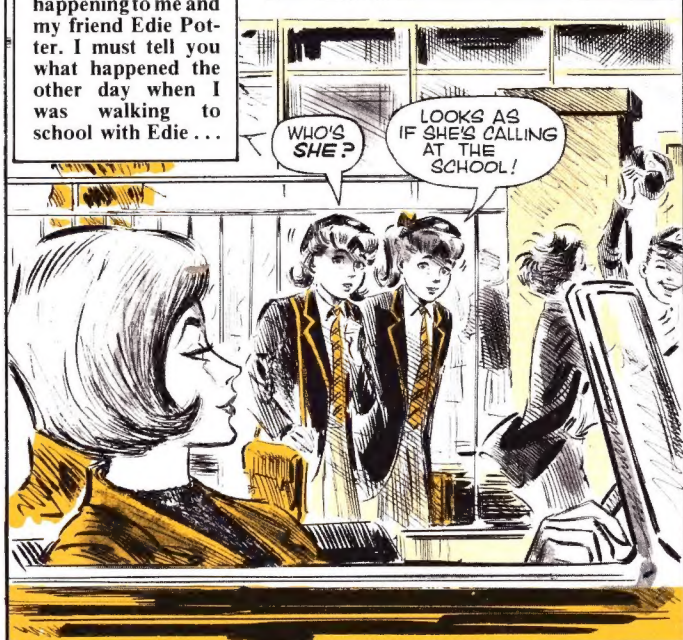
Published by IPC Magazines Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, England
Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd, South Africa: Central News Agency; Rhodesia and Zambia: Kingstons Ltd.
Printed in England by Fleetway Printers, Gravesend



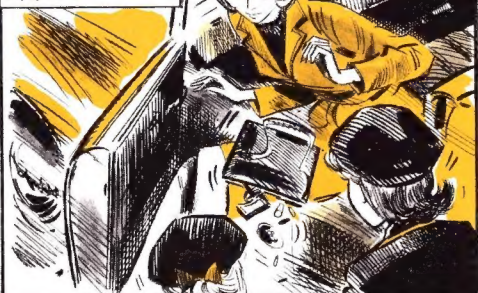


THE HAPPY DAYS

Hello, Sue Day speaking. Exciting things are always happening to me and my friend Edie Potter. I must tell you what happened the other day when I was walking to school with Edie...



AS SHE STEPPED OUT OF THE CAR, HER BAG SLIPPED AND...



... LYING AT MY FEET WAS — A GUN!



EDIE AND I JUST COULDN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT IT...



NEXT MINUTE THE DOOR OPENED AND IN WALKED THE HEAD AND...

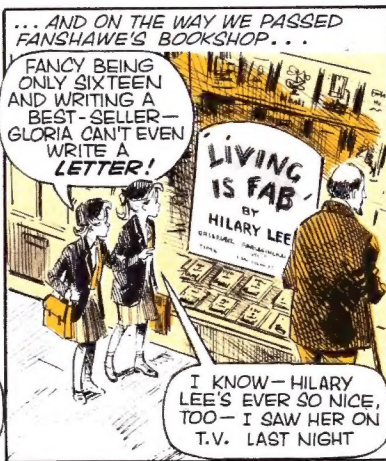
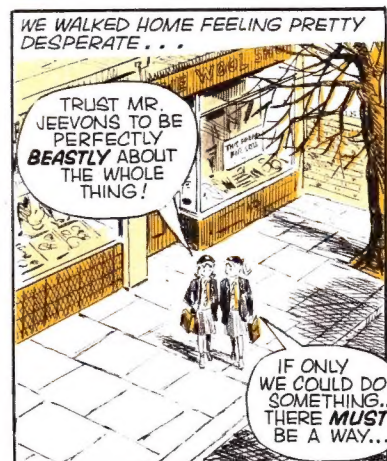
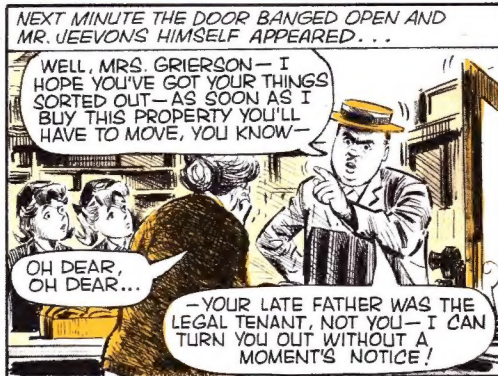


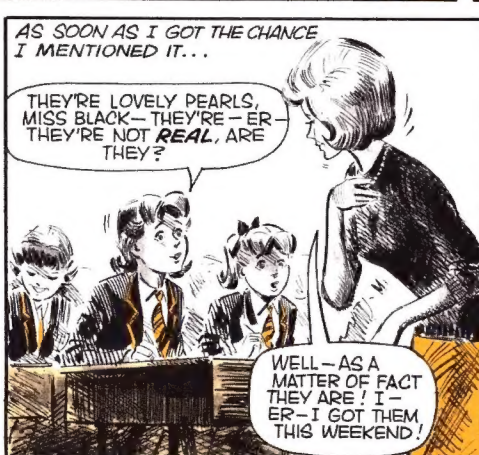
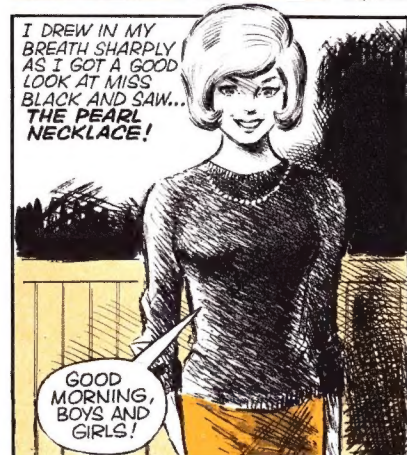
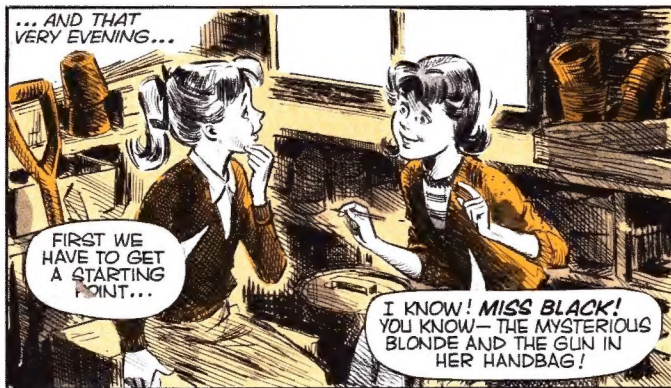
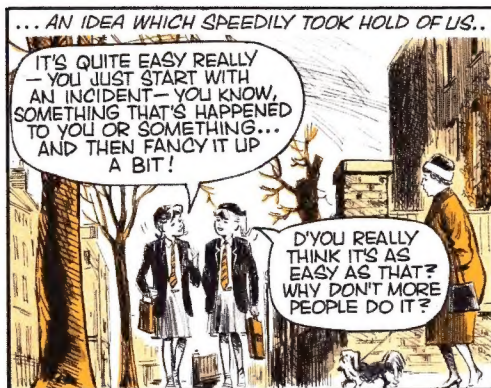
SHE WAS TERRIBLY NICE — BUT ALL THE SAME WE COULDN'T FORGET WHAT WE HAD SEEN IN HER BAG...

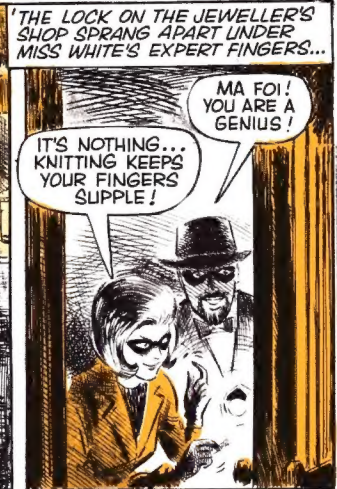
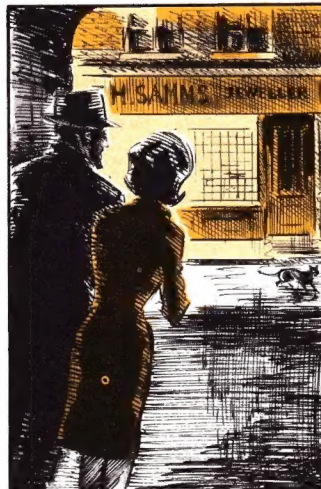
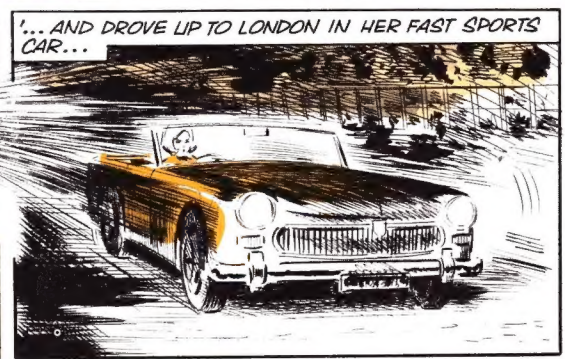
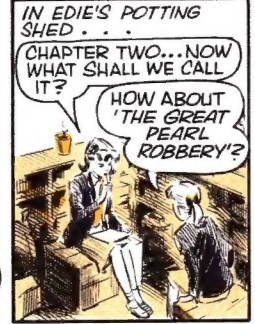


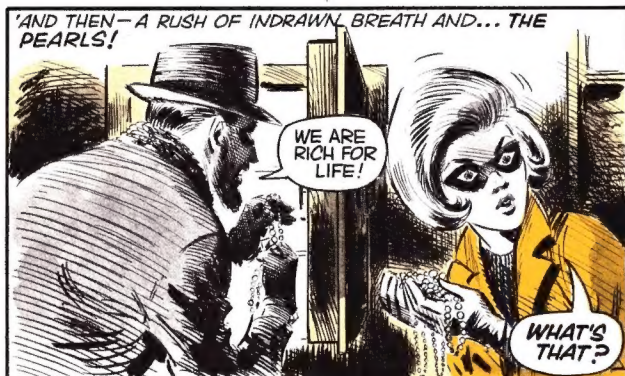
AFTER SCHOOL, EDIE CAME WITH ME TO THE WOOLSHOP TO GET THE WOOL FOR MY JUMPER THAT I'VE JUST STARTED KNITTING...



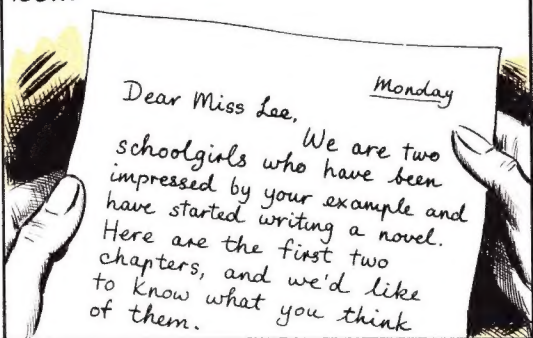








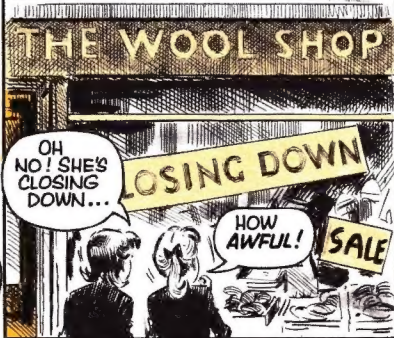
SO THAT'S JUST WHAT WE DID... WE SENT A LETTER TOO...



AFTER WE'D POSTED IT...



BUT WHEN WE GOT THERE THE SHOP LOOKED ALL DIFFERENT...



SHE WAS NEARLY IN TEARS WHEN WE WENT IN...



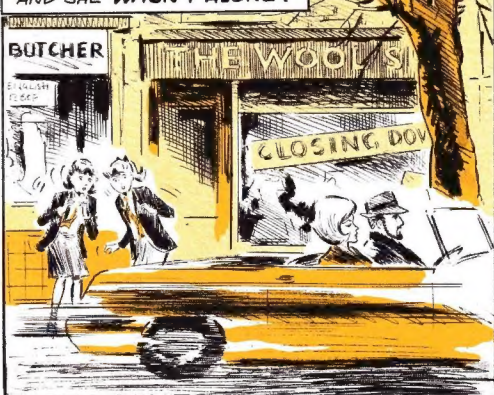
JUST AT THAT MOMENT THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN AND IN SAILED MRS. JEEVONS...



WHEN WE GOT OUT INTO THE STREET SHE WAS STILL IN THERE...



IT WAS MISS BLACK/WHITE... AND SHE WASN'T ALONE!

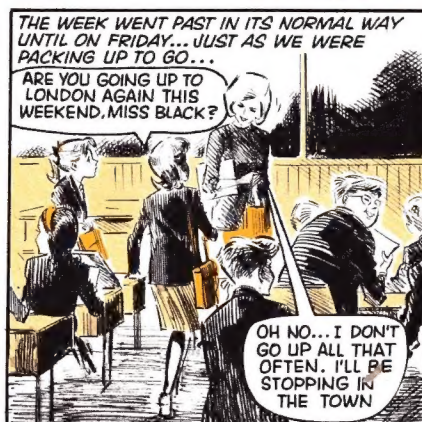
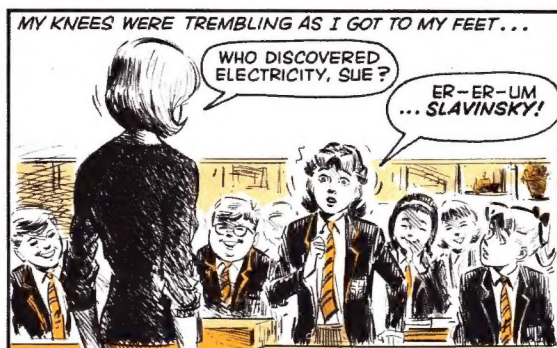
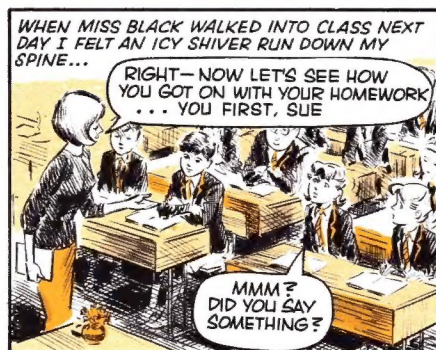


WE GAPED AT EACH OTHER, SCARCELY ABLE TO BELIEVE OUR OWN EYES...



WELL—YOU MIGHT THINK THAT WAS SHOCK ENOUGH—BUT THERE WAS WORSE TO COME!





EDIE AND TOM WENT TO THE ZOO ON SATURDAY, SO I WAS BY MYSELF AT HOME WHEN I OVERHEARD...

I SAW THAT NEW TEACHER FROM SUE'S SCHOOL TODAY—MISS BLACK—SHE WAS WITH A VERY HANDSOME MAN IN A BEARD... LOOKING IN THE JEWELLER'S WINDOW!

UH-HUM

THE JEWELLER'S! OH GOSH—WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE? SHE'S PLANNING A ROBBERY—IN THIS VERY TOWN!

FIRST THING ON SUNDAY MORNING WHILE I WAS PLAYING WITH OSWALD (HE'S THE HAMSTER I HAD FOR CHRISTMAS)...

SUE—HAVE YOU HEARD?

NOW—WHAT?

IT'S JONES—THE JEWELLER'S IN THE HIGH STREET...

OH NO! THEY'VE BEEN ROBBED!

MR. JONES TOLD DAD THAT SOME HOOLIGANS HAD THROWN A BRICK THROUGH THE WINDOW, BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW IF ANYTHING WAS MISSING, YET...

WE KNOW BETTER THAN THAT, DON'T WE? HE'LL FIND PLENTY MISSING...

WE SAT STRAIGHT DOWN TO WRITE CHAPTER 3 OF OUR NOVEL...

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO CALL THIS CHAPTER?

HOW ABOUT 'THE BRICK IN THE WINDOW'?

SO I STARTED OFF... 'THE BEAUTIFUL MISS WHITE SMILED TO HERSELF AT THE END OF CLASS ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON...

OH NO—I'M STAYING HERE THIS WEEKEND!

FOR A VERY SPECIAL REASON...

OUTSIDE THE JEWELLER'S SHOP SHE WAS JOINED BY HER SINISTER ACCOMPLICE...

MA FOI, MA BELLE—THERE ARE THREE PIECES OF JEWELLERY THERE THAT ARE WORTH A FORTUNE!

CORRECT—AND THIS IS HOW WE HANDLE IT...

SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT, WHEN THE TOWN WAS ASLEEP...

'HER FINGERS MOVED SWIFTLY AND LIGHTLY AMONG THE BROKEN GLASS...



DRIVE LIKE THE WIND, SLAVINSKY!



'LATER, IN SLAVINSKY'S SECRET HIDEOUT IN THE CRIMINAL QUARTER OF THE TOWN... SHE SLIPPED A PRICELESS RING ON HER FINGER...

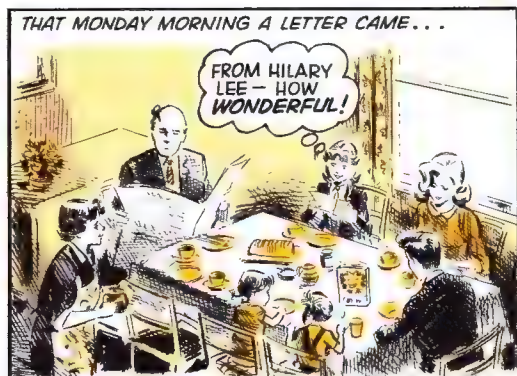
AND THIS, I THINK, I SHALL KEEP FOR MYSELF!



WHEN WE HAD FINISHED THE CHAPTER WE READ IT THROUGH...

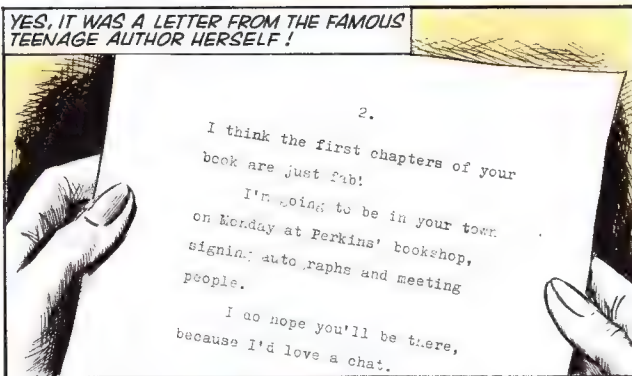
GOSH—IT'S SO EXCITING...I CAN'T WAIT FOR CHAPTER 4!

THE SECRET IS TO BASE YOUR THRILLER ON REAL LIFE!



THAT MONDAY MORNING A LETTER CAME...

FROM HILARY LEE—HOW WONDERFUL!



YES, IT WAS A LETTER FROM THE FAMOUS TEENAGE AUTHOR HERSELF!

2.

I think the first chapters of your book are just fab!

I'm going to be in your town on Monday at Perkins' bookshop, signing autographs and meeting people.

I do hope you'll be there, because I'd love a chat.



EDIE WAS BURSTING WITH PRIDE AND EXCITEMENT...

LET'S GO STRAIGHT AFTER SCHOOL...

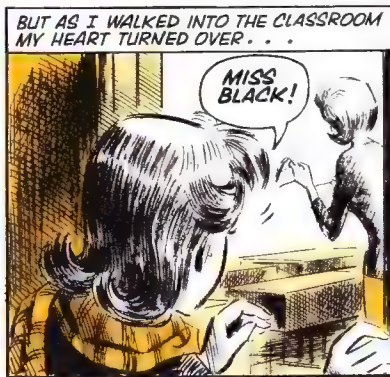
I TOLD MUM I'D BE LATE BACK...



AT GOING HOME TIME WE BOTH DASHED OUT, AND IT WASN'T TILL I WAS OUTSIDE THE GATES THAT...

OH GOSH—I LEFT MY NOTEBOOK ON THE DESK—THE ONE WITH THE STORY IN IT!

YOU'D BETTER GET IT BEFORE SOMEONE READS IT OR SOMETHING AWFUL!



BUT AS I WALKED INTO THE CLASSROOM MY HEART TURNED OVER...

MISS BLACK!

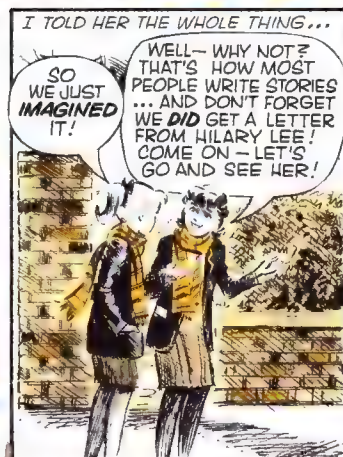
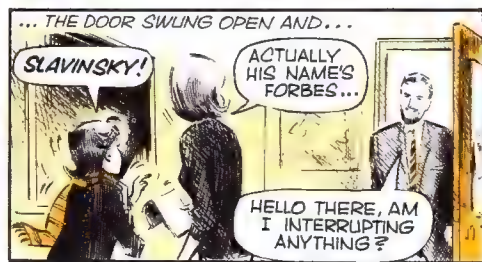


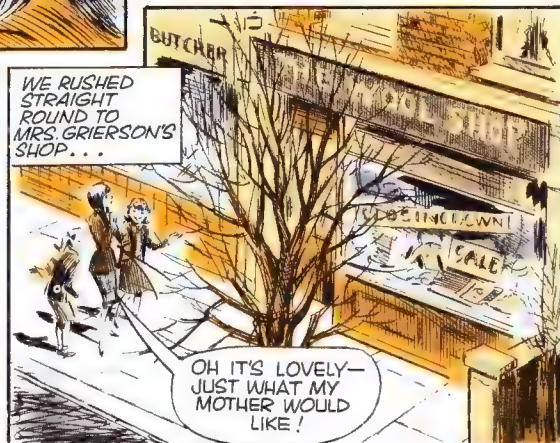
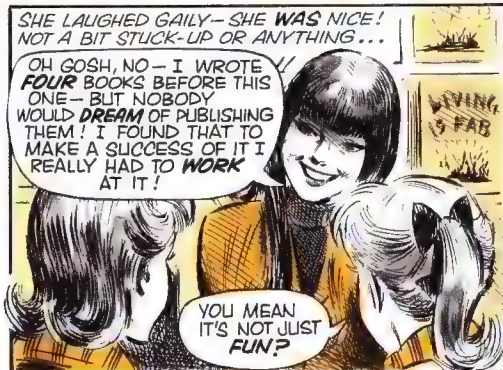
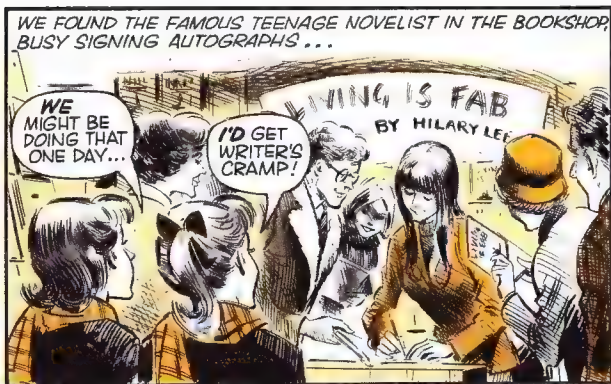
SHE TURNED TO ME AND...

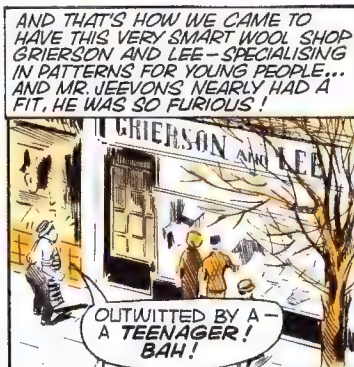
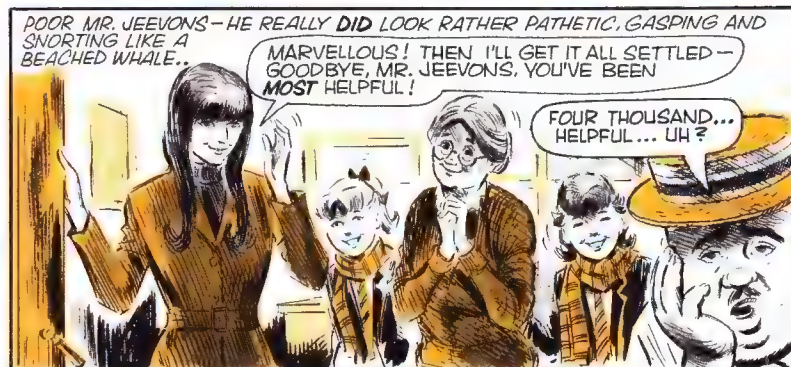
VERY INTERESTING, SUE—VERY INTERESTING INDEED!



FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT DAY I NOTICED... THE PRICELESS DIAMOND RING ON HER FINGER!









The Fake Queen

BY MARJORIE CORYN

THE STORY OF A ROYAL DAUGHTER

ONE summer's day, nearly two hundred years ago, Boehmer, the great Paris jeweller, drove homewards from Versailles. On his knees he held a jewel-case, and in it lay his masterpiece, a diamond necklace; a marvel, a splendour, worth over a million and a half *livres*. Yet, despite that, he was an unhappy man.

For years he had collected, matched, graded, the immense stones, reckoning on Queen Marie-Antionette's extravagance and love of diamonds for an easy sale. Yet today she had said firmly,

"No. That sum would pay for two frigates, and France has greater need of them than of diamond necklaces."

So now Boehmer faced ruin, for he had borrowed heavily to complete his great jewel . . .

Sometime later another carriage drove down the Paris road, and in it sat a fashionably, though cheaply, dressed young couple. The woman, looking out of the window, smiled to remember how, as a ragged little girl, she had once run barefooted after carriages on this same road, crying,

"Charity! Charity for an orphan of the Valois blood!"

She had indeed a Valois ancestor, Henry II, last king of his race. But her family had long ago forgotten its royal dignity, and for generations had lived as beggars and petty thieves. And the little orphaned Jeanne, remembering her royal ancestor, had thought of begging in his name.

Then one day, she fell in with a young soldier, Lamotte, who was no lover of discipline. So he deserted, married her, and for a time they lived on their wits. But her wits were far sharper than his, and she decided to put them to better use than cheating simple country folk. So she gave her husband a title and a finer name, and now it was the Count and Countess of Lamotte-Valois who drove towards Paris.

At that time, on certain days of the week, any decently-clad person might enter the Palace and, standing behind a wooden railing, watch the Royal Family dine. Jeanne went with the others, hoping to be noticed, but nobody did, not even when, pretending to faint, she cried out, "I am a Valois, and dying of hunger!" Only a doctor came, and no royal face bent anxiously over her.

Still, she was able now to say casually, "I go often to Versailles," and, presently, "The queen often invites me," which soon became, "My dear friend the queen."

One day she said it to a very great man indeed. He was Prince Louis de

Rohan, he was a Cardinal, he was Grand Almoner of France, and immensely wealthy. Yet, with all that, he was not happy, for he had once had the misfortune to anger the queen, and now was received at Court only when his official duties made it necessary. So now, hearing Jeanne say, "My dear friend—," he sighed, and wished he might say the same.

"But, Your Eminence," she cried, "nothing could be easier! I will speak to the queen, and she will surely forgive you!"

And surely enough, one day she gave him a sealed letter, written in a delicate feminine hand, and signed, Marie-Antionette. In it he read joyfully that, on August 11, at midnight, the queen would grant him an audience in the Park of Versailles.

Then Jeanne sent her husband to find some poor young woman, but who must be tall and handsome. He found her. One Nicole le Guet, and Jeanne told her what she must do to earn 10,000 *livres*. At first she protested, saying uneasily,

"But, Madame, how can that please the queen?" And Jeanne answered gaily,

"It's only a joke the queen wants to play on a friend!"

Then she put a filmy white gown on her, and dressed her hair high on her head . . .

Moonlight

Just before midnight, Jeanne's husband led Nicole through the moon-silvered Park of Versailles to a place called the Grove of Venus. There, on the lawn, he placed her with her back to the moon, thrust a red rose into her hand and, whispering "Remember what you have to say!" drew back into the shadows.

Presently he saw the Cardinal, plainly dressed, approach, saw him look at the waiting, moon-white figure on the lawn then, casting aside his hat, hurry forward and kneel humbly at her feet. Then he saw Nicole offer her red rose, and heard her murmur,

"You may hope that the past will be forgiven."

At the last word Lamotte hurried forward and, whispering urgently, "Your Majesty, somebody is approaching!" he took Nicole's hand, and led her quickly away. Behind them, the Cardinal smiled rapturously down at his red rose . . .

In gratitude, the Cardinal pressed 25,000 *livres* on his friend, Countess Jeanne Lamotte. She thanked him charmingly, though such a sum was only an appetizer to her now. She soon increased it by another 30,000, the Cardinal's contribution to "the dear

Queen's favourite charity." Yet it still was not the great fortune she dreamed of . . .

"Boehmer," a friend told her one day, "is offering 100,000 *livres* to anyone who can find him a purchaser for his diamond necklace."

That was indeed a sum worth having! But then, putting two and two together in her scheming mind, she made it add up to far more than 100,000 *livres*. Going straight to Boehmer, she told him,

"I think I have a purchaser for your necklace—a great nobleman of my acquaintance."

That night, at a reception of the Cardinal's she drew him aside and, swearing him to secrecy, said,

"The Queen wants to buy the necklace, but dare not ask the King for so great a sum, but she can pay for it herself, by instalments. For that she needs a guarantor and to whom can she turn, but to yourself."

Flushed with pride at so great an honour, the Cardinal hurried to the jeweller, and with him drew up the terms of the sale. The Queen was to pay four half-yearly instalments of 400,000 *livres*, and receive the necklace at once.

Jeanne took the document apparently for the Queen's approval, and soon returned it to the Cardinal, duly signed, and with another delicately written letter of thanks. Eagerly the Cardinal showed the forged agreement to the jeweller and that night, under the cover of darkness, he slipped secretly into the Lamotte's house, and triumphantly delivered the jewel-case. When he would have withdrawn, Jeanne cried,

"No, no, you must wait and see it safely delivered to the Queen's messenger! Stand behind that screen, where you can see without being seen!"

Presently, he saw a tall young man come in, heard him say, "From the Queen—" Saw him take the jewel-case, bow, and go out . . .

Ten minutes after, the Cardinal too, had gone and the young man came back, and tossed the jewel-case on the table. He was Villette, Jeanne's secretary, who wrote so well in a feminine hand.

Though it was not a pen he wielded now, but a penknife and, with the Lamottes was soon busy prising diamonds from their settings. In an hour Boehmer's masterpiece was destroyed, and in another, Villette was on the road to Switzerland with his share of the diamonds, and Lamotte was headed for the London diamond market with the rest.

When, at the end of six months, Jeanne gave the Cardinal a letter from the Queen, explaining that she could not make the first payment until the end of the year, he felt no uneasiness.

The cardinal knelt humbly before the gracious figure he believed to be the queen and heard her murmur: "You may hope the past will be forgiven".

But Boehmer did, for his own debts were pressing. So he wrote respectfully to the Queen, referring with tactful vagueness to the matter of the necklace. She, not knowing what he meant, showed it to her Lady-in-Waiting, Madame Campan, saying vexedly,

"Does he still think I'll buy his necklace?"

Then happened the one thing that not even Jeanne's clever wits could have foreseen. By the merest chance Madame Campan met Boehmer, and she reproached him with trying to persuade the Queen to buy the necklace.

"Persuade her?" cried the astonished man. "But she bought it months

ago. Now indeed the cat was among the pigeons! For Madame Campan carried the story to the Queen, while Boehmer hurried to the Cardinal. And he, for the first time, thought of comparing the Queen's letters with others among his family papers. And what he saw filled him with a sick horror, for her true writing marched boldly across the page, large, bold, and masculine, and very little like the documents he had received from Jeanne.

Jeanne, warned by a friend, still had a trumpcard up her sleeve to play and, going to the jeweller, she cried in feigned indignation,

"This rascally Cardinal has tricked us both! Make him pay for the necklace—he will do it, to hush the matter up!"

Indeed, the poor man would have paid with his heart's blood to escape from the trap he had fallen into. Yet he still sought desperately for a way out that would not brand him either as a thief, or as a credulous fool. And while he hesitated, the Queen complained to the King...

The King sent for him, and asked, "My cousin, what is this I hear about a diamond necklace?" And the Cardinal, bitterly ashamed, told him everything, saying at the end,

"Sire, I have been deceived, but I swear on my honour that I have deceived nobody." The King believed him, and said kindly,

"In that case, you have nothing to fear." And indeed, he would gladly have settled the affair in private, with no-one the wiser. But Marie-Antoinette's wounded pride of a woman and a Queen demanded vengeance.

On the next day, Paris was stunned to learn that a Prince of Rohan, a Grand Officer of the Crown, had been arrested like a common thief.

Jeanne, over-confident in her own cleverness, was arrested, together with Nicole. The trial lasted ten days, and at the end Nicole was acquitted, Lamotte sentenced in his absence to the galleys, and Jeanne to life imprisonment. But it was the verdict on the Cardinal, for insult to the Queen, that was passionately awaited. It came fifteen hours later

"Not guilty!"

Jeanne soon escaped, but the stolen diamonds being unsaleable now, she died a pauper in a London garret.



A Princess Tina team visits

Life on the



Above :
The Key children with their pet donkey Henrietta.

Below :
The Key family's bungalow on Lanzarote island, where the sun shines almost all the year round.



HARDLY a tree grows on its tortured landscape, twisted into a black desert by the remorseless action of its 200 volcanos. Across the hard, lava rock blow the trade winds, buffetting the enterprising efforts of the local farmers. And in a full year only five inches of rain will fall, making it officially a desert.

But for all its harshness, the strange desert island of Lanzarote, the Spanish Canary Island nearest to the coast of Africa, is home to the Key family, and they love it. For Alison (13), Vanessa (11), Elaine (8), Stephanie (5) and lone brother Lindsay (10), the family of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Key, Lanzarote may be a far cry from their home county of Sussex, but it has its compensations.

The sun shines from a cloudless sky in December and on Christmas Day you can swim from the beaches, only four hours' flying time from London. Summer is hotter still, with temperatures topping 100 degrees Fahrenheit. All around there is space to live, space enough for the Key's ranch house, perched on a hill overlooking the Atlantic beaches, to be surrounded by fields, space for the Key children's dogs and their pet donkey Henrietta to roam free.

School for the five Key children is half an hour's car ride away across the 36 mile long island. Mr. Key, a property developer, drives them there in the morning; one of his men brings them back at night. There are two teachers and a handful of pupils at the English school, which is more than many of the native islanders enjoy, for most Spanish children living on Lanzarote do not go to school at all.

Night comes swiftly to sub-tropical Lanzarote and the crowded bookshelves in the Key's sitting room testify to the point that there is no television set on the island to help pass the time. Nor are there washing machines, dishwashers or other such "refinements" of European living. As the sun drops below the horizon in a five-minute burst of orange splendour, Mr. Key goes to an outhouse

Lanzarote's barren black landscape, evidence of its stormy volcanic past.



four British schoolgirls who live on a desert island

Scorched Canary

to start up the family's private electric generator: without it they would have to go to bed, like many Spanish families do on Lanzarote, by candlelight.

Water is perhaps even more precious than electricity. Throughout the year the sparse rainfall is collected in underground tanks outside the Key's ranch house from where, filtered, it is piped into the house. If insufficient rain falls, the Keys can augment their supplies by calling up the water lorry, but that makes water expensive on the island. The rain water is good enough for household chores, but the Keys drink only bottled water bought in the local shop.

"You learn to treat water with respect here," one of the Key's neighbours told us. "When you've had a bath, you make sure the bath water is put on the garden."

Down by the sea, on the *Playa Bianca*, a couple of miles from the Key's house, is the *urbanisation*; bungalows and a hotel area which Mr. Key's company are helping to develop for Lanzarote's first serious attempt to get into the tourist market. To supply the new white-walled homes there with water, the Spanish government built a desalination plant in the island's capital of Arrecife, which pipes the refined sea water straight to the kitchens and bathrooms of the *urbanisation* homes. Desalination is a comparatively new and still extremely costly way of supplying desert land with water, but we can assure you that it is effective because we drank plenty of it during Lanzarote's endless days of summer weather.

While the tourists are thus assured of water in plenty, the farmlands are still arid. The way in which the Canarian farmers have overcome this problem bespeaks the tremendous initiative they have shown in raising abundant crops from their hard, volcanic desert soil.

Many years ago they noticed that wild plants were growing in some places in the scorched volcanic lava—but where there was no lava nothing grew. In due



Lanzarote is the most westerley of the Canary Islands, and the nearest to the African coast. It's chief town, Arrecife, is a plane ride of 40 minutes from Las Palmas, capital of the Canaries.





Property developer Brian Key shows his children how to ride Henrietta the donkey.



Camels and cars are the transport to a Lanzarote gala night where the island's past is re-enacted.



time the islanders began to understand that many small pieces of porous lava clustered together have the quality of being able to extract moisture from the air, and that they also help the rainfall and the overnight dew to be retained in the earth below by preventing evaporation.

Thus they learned that if they tilled the bleak soil of the island and covered it with small pieces of volcanic dust or cinders, called *picon*, they could grow crops.

So today, in the thickest volcanic area of the island, lorries collect *picon* from the slopes of the volcanos and take it to be spread over arable land. The result is that the farmland of Lanzarote is alternate patches of dry brown, where no *picon* has been spread, and black, where it has been.

Having solved the problem of water retention, the farmers then had to contend with the problem of the island's strong winds. They solved it by growing their vines in volcanic cinder beds and building round each one of them small, semi-circular walls made of chunks of lava, high enough to protect the young plants yet not so high as to keep off the sun.

The grape yield is impressive, and the wine that comes from it is strong and syrupy to look at but dry to taste. It is not quite white or rose wine as it is known in traditional wine-growing areas, but it has a tawny tinge.

Lanzarote's most interesting volcano, and probably the island's chief tourist attraction, is the Fire Mountain. It last erupted in 1837; today, with apparently courageous indifference, the Canarians have built a restaurant on its summit.

To one side of the restaurant, part of the volcano's mouth has been kept open to view. It is possible to look into its sizzling maw for only seconds, for a blasting, oven-like heat rises from it perpetually. Across its top the resourceful islanders have placed an iron grille and to here come the local people who have no ovens at home to cook their meat on feast days over nature's own fire.

Nearby, a guide drops a bundle of brushwood into a hole in the ground only a few feet deep and visitors watch in awe as it bursts into furious flames, ignited by the incredible heat of the ground only inches below the surface. Then, taking a bucket of water, he drops it into another hole and steps back smartly as a gush of steam leaps into the air from the opening.



Steam gusher is caused by pouring water into the hole—evidence of the below-ground heat.

Left:
Only a few feet below the ground, a fire burns in the hot volcanic rock.



A goatherd poses for our cameraman with his flock grazing on the island's sparse vegetation. All the island's milk is goatsmilk and a fine island cheese is made from it.



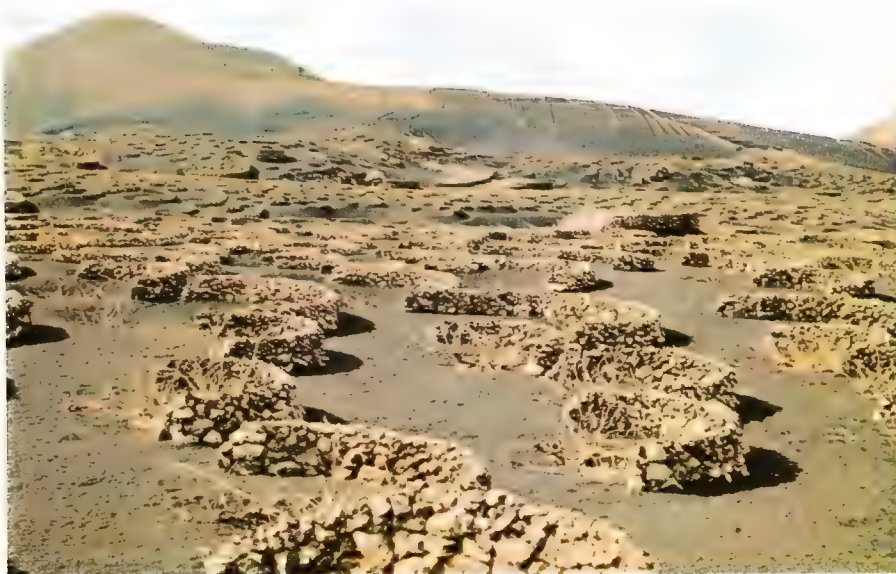
A shoreline fishing village is the only sign of habitation on the tiny island of Graciosa, separated from the volcanic cliffs of Lanzarote's northern coast by a thin strip of the Atlantic.



A fisherman guts and salts his catch on the shore. Salt preserves the fish—later it will be eaten raw.



Donkeys are the principle means of transport on the island, although motor roads are being built continuously.



Left:
Lanzarote islanders
protect their vines
from the Atlantic
winds with these
low, semicircular
stone walls.

Below:
**Windmills are still
in use on Lanzarote.
The sails of this
one can be turned
in any direction to
catch the prevailing
wind.**

"Two feet down the temperature is 700 degrees Fahrenheit," the guide told us. We agreed that we needed no further proof.

Lanzarote's smouldering past began in 1730, when for six years 30 volcanos covering a quarter of the island "blew their tops," covering much of the land with a black coat made of chunks of lava; a scene reminiscent of a lunar landscape and, indeed, used as such by film companies making science fiction films on location in Lanzarote.

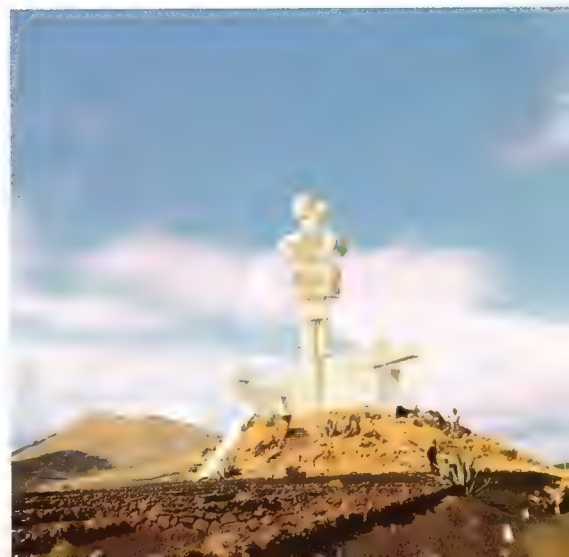
Since the eruptions, excavators have found signs of settlements under the lava, and they agree that many more ancient villages must lie buried under the forbidding black mantle.

There must also, of course, have been many previous eruptions over the centuries, and besides churning and twisting the island's surface, they scored its inner core. As the lava stream raced down from the volcanos, its outside quickly cooled and hardened, but its inside remained molten. After some time the molten lava, driving on under the hard exterior, found an exit and flowed out, leaving behind it long tube-like caves, some of them miles long.

Inside, these long, awesome caves are dry and soundless, and the resourceful Canarians have provided some of them with electric lighting and turned them to good advantage. Because the acoustics are perfect, one is used as a concert hall; another is a dinner-dance restaurant magnificently designed by a local artist. It incorporates the underground pool called Jameo del Agua, in which lives the world's only species of blind crab. These tiny white creatures swim in the pool in hundreds, and biologists believe that they must have become trapped in the pool thousands of years ago. They lived so long in complete darkness before man illuminated the pool with electricity, that they gradually lost their sight.

Hundreds of years ago, when conquering Spanish adventurers came to the Canary Islands, the caves of Lanzarote were the hiding places for the natives, a tall, handsome people called Guanches.

At first sight of the Spanish boats the Guanches would disappear through one of the holes in the ground—"blow holes" caused by volcanic action which supply the caves with air—that lead to the long subterranean passages.



Right:
**Monument to the island's sturdy farmers was
created by a local artist. Islanders say it
depicts a man riding on a camel.**

They took their cattle and their household goods with them and they carried on their life as normally as possible under the ground.

The Spanish invaders knew about the caves and they knew where the Guanches were, but there was not a lot they could do about it, since it needed only a couple of Guanches stationed beneath an entrance hole to chop off the feet of any Spaniard trying to get in. But at the end of the fifteenth century the Spanish finally won the land from the Guanches and Lanzarote and her sister Canaries became as Spanish as Spain.

Since then, many experts have debated the origin of the Guanches, the island's original inhabitants who figure in another compelling mystery of the scorched Canary: they were islanders—but they had no knowledge of boats or the sea, and their lives were totally devoted to farming. How, then, did they arrive on the island?

All sorts of theories abound—including the improbable one that the Canaries are, all that remains of the legendary continent of Atlantis, and the Guanches were survivors from the days before the continent reputedly sank beneath the sea.

The theory we liked best came from a German settler on the island.

"I think they were originally Berber tribesmen from Africa, eighty miles away," he said. "You can still see people on the island with features not dissimilar to the Berbers of North Africa. I believe they came here in reed boats, and after they landed their boats rotted away.

"Now, there are no reeds on Lanzarote and not much wood good enough for boat building, either. In any case, being unfamiliar with wood, they would not have used it to build boats. So they became farmers, and soon they forgot all about their sea-faring skills, just as the blind crabs in Jameo del Agua forgot how to use their eyes in the darkness."

Unchanged

Certainly the villages which the Spanish settlers built on the island have strong North African characteristics about them. Were they, one wonders, influenced by the Guanches, with whom they intermarried? Today, since the passing centuries have changed little of Lanzarote, you can still wander through a village that was never built to take account of the invention of the wheel. Today, too, camels are still used to plough the fields and donkeys are often the only means of carrying goods along mud roads from place to place.

In one such village a friendly local Canarian took us into his house for a meal—an experience like a journey back through time. The floor of the house was made of dried camel dung and earth, so hardened by feet that it could be polished. There were no windows, only shutters, and the door had a small opening in it used for observation—a typical Canary house feature.

We dined on dried fish, followed by rabbit meat and vegetables with plenty of local wine. During the meal our host explained that a Lanzarote house begins as a square building and as the owner's prosperity increases it becomes first L shaped with the addition of another room, and finally horseshoe shaped, with the addition of a second extra room. "When you see a man living in a horseshoe shaped house he is very prosperous," we were told gravely.

The meal over, our host showed us to his bedroom.

"You may sleep on my bed," he said. "Visitors always go to sleep on the host's bed after such a meal."

As, overwhelmed by this old world courtesy, we lay down, we were reminded of our German friend's reflection earlier that day, that although time has not changed much of Lanzarote, the island was beginning to change now. "You will see things here that won't happen in five years time," he had said.



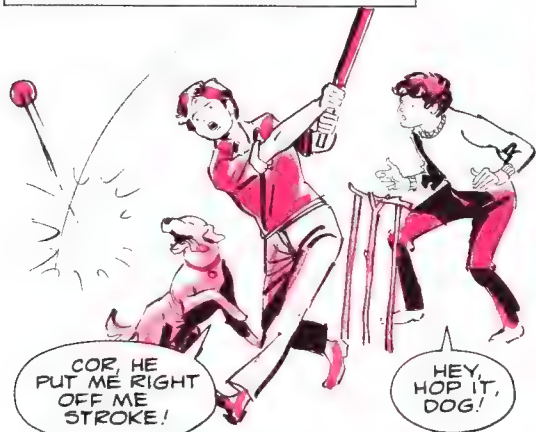
Inside a Lanzarote cave. The caves, miles long, were formed centuries ago by volcanic action.

GLEN

a dog
with a nose
for adventure

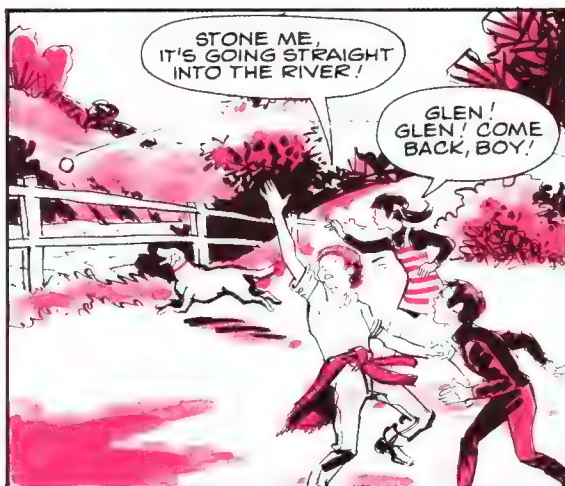


BUT GLEN WAS NOW CAUGHT UP IN THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME...



COR, HE PUT ME RIGHT OFF ME STROKE!

HEY, HOP IT, DOG!



GLEN'S EYE WAS ON THE BALL.



GOSH, WHAT A JUMP! HE'LL LAND SLAP IN THE WATER!

I'M SORRY! BUT GLEN WILL GET YOUR BALL BACK!

DON'T BE DAFT! THAT RIVER RUNS DEEP AND REAL FAST! WE'LL LOSE THE BALL... AND YOUR BLOOMIN' DOG!



THE CURRENT SWEEP GLEN AND HIS QUARRY SWIFTLY AWAY...

GLEN! OH, GLEN, MAKE FOR THE BANK!

COME ON, WE'LL TRY TO KEEP 'EM IN SIGHT!



BUT GLEN AND THE BALL VANISHED ROUND A BEND, AND THE DOG NOW FOUND HIMSELF STRUGGLING...



GLEN HAD LOST SIGHT OF THE BALL, AND TIRING, WAS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE...



WHEE!TINE!

SHARP EYES SPOTTED THE LOST BALL...

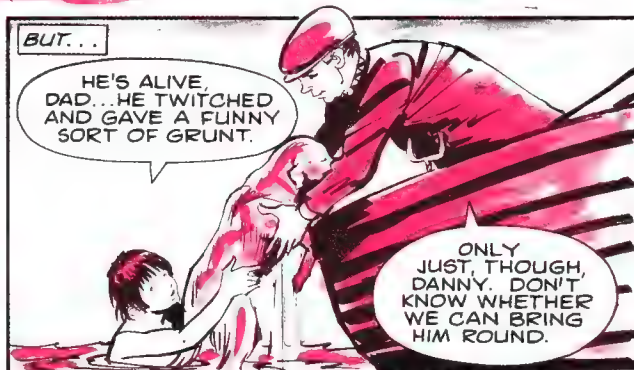
WE FOUND THE BALL, ANYWAY!

GLEN'S GONE! HE'S NOT TO BE SEEN. HE'S BEEN DROWNED! OH, WHAT HAVE I DONE?





MEANWHILE, A MILE FURTHER ON, WHERE THE RIVER WIDENED INTO A LAKE...



IN THE DISTANT TOWN...

THERE'S JUNE NOW... BUT SHE'S ALONE. SHE HASN'T GOT GLEN WITH HER.

OH, DEAR, DON'T TELL ME SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM. IT'LL BREAK HER HEART!

I'VE LOST POOR GLEN AGAIN... THIS TIME FOR EVER!

DON'T GIVE UP HOPE, JUNE. HE'S A CLEVER DOG... HE MIGHT TURN UP YET.

LATE THAT EVENING, AT A HOUSE NEAR THE LAKE...

GLEN SLEPT, EXHAUSTED...

COULD WE... COULD WE KEEP GLEN, DAD?

WELL, I DON'T KNOW, SON. THAT NAME TAG SHOWS HE MUST BELONG TO SOMEBODY. WE'LL ASK AROUND IN THE MORNING... MAYBE ADVERTISE IF THERE'S NO REPLY... WELL, WE'LL GIVE HIM A GOOD HOME.

THE BIRDS' DAWN CHORUS AWAKENED GLEN AND HE CAME OUT SLOWLY, SNIFFING THE FRESH MORNING AIR.

NO NEED TO GET THE VET, DANNY. NOW WE'VE GOT THE WATER OUT OF HIM AND WARMED HIM UP, HE'LL PULL THROUGH.

HE REMINDS ME OF POOR OLD REX. I MISS THAT OLD DOG, DAD.

THE SCENTS AND SURROUNDINGS WERE STRANGE TO THE DOG, AND ONCE AGAIN HIS INSTINCT TO FIND JUNE TOOK OVER...

GLEN DID NOT KNOW WHERE HE WAS OR WHERE HE WAS GOING, BUT AGAIN HE WAS QUESTING FOR HIS YOUNG MISTRESS.

HE'S GONE DAD. OH, HE'S GONE!

CHEER UP, DANNY. AT LEAST YOU KNOW WE SAVED HIS LIFE, AND HE'S CONVINCED ME WE'D BETTER GET ANOTHER DOG!

WITH NO SCENT TRAILS TO GUIDE HIM BECAUSE HE HAD TRAVELLED TO THE AREA BY WATER, GLEN SET OFF HOPEFULLY...



...BUT HE KNEW HE WAS LOST AND HAD NO IDEA IN WHICH DIRECTION TO SEEK HIS YOUNG MISTRESS...

BUT TOD BURNS AND HIS FRIENDS HAD SET OUT FOR AN EARLY SEARCH OF BOTH BANKS OF THE RIVER, AND HALF-AN-HOUR LATER...



WELL, BLOW ME... IT'S THE DOG! GLEN! WE'VE FOUND HIM!

AND ALIVE, TOO! THAT BEATS ALL!

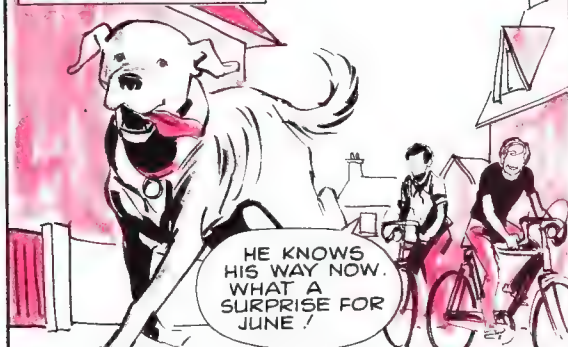
GLEN RECOGNISED THE FRIENDLY, DELIGHTED VOICES OF THE BOYS AND SOON...



COME ON, GLEN. FOLLOW US, BOY.

WE KNOW SOMEBODY WHO'S WAITING FOR YOU. IT'S GOING TO MAKE THEIR DAY!

ONCE IN THE TOWN, GLEN KNEW HIS WAY...



HE KNOWS HIS WAY NOW. WHAT A SURPRISE FOR JUNE!

EVEN THEN, GLEN WAS ALMOST TOO LATE...



GREAT SCOTT, IT'S GLEN. HE'S FOUND HIS WAY BACK!

WOOF! WOOF!

DAD! STOP... OH, PLEASE STOP! I'M SURE IT'S GLEN!

SOON GLEN WAS HAPPY AGAIN...



WELL, WHO'D HAVE BELIEVED IT, AFTER ALL THAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHERE HE'S BEEN, BUT HE MUST HAVE FOUND SOME GOOD FRIENDS.

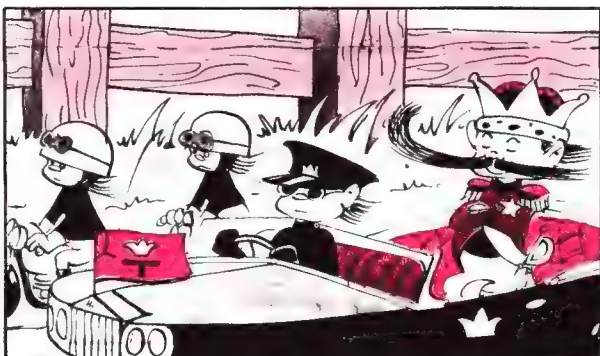
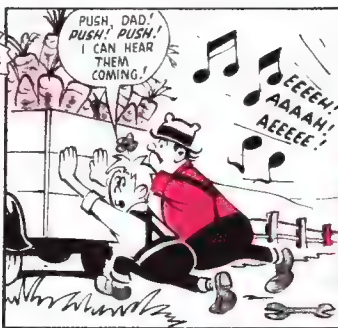
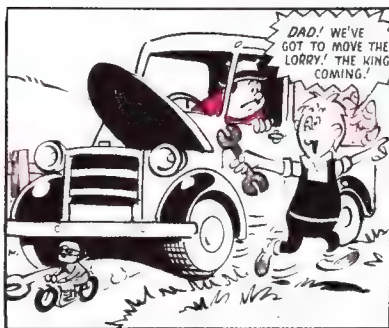
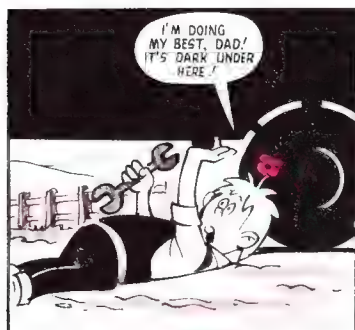
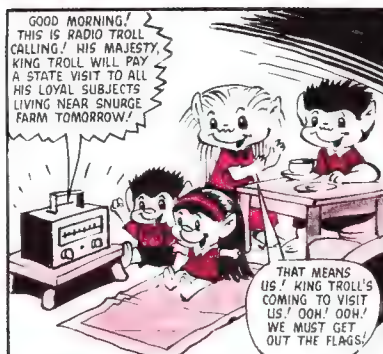
YOU'RE AN AWFUL CLEVER DOG, TOO, GLEN, BUT DON'T GO JUMPING INTO ANY MORE RIVERS. YOU GAVE ME A TERRIBLE FRIGHT! BUT NOW EVERYTHING'S LOVELY!

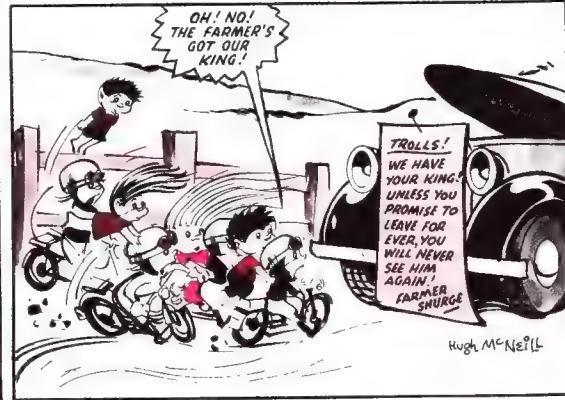
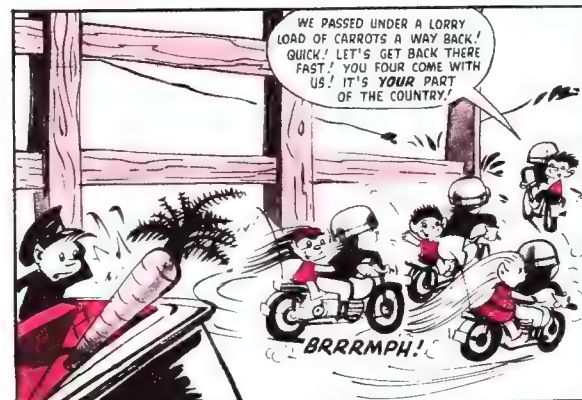
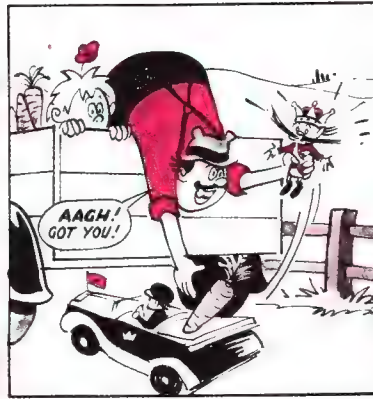
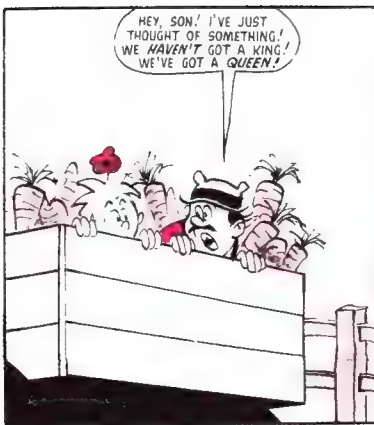


THE END.



THE TROLLS



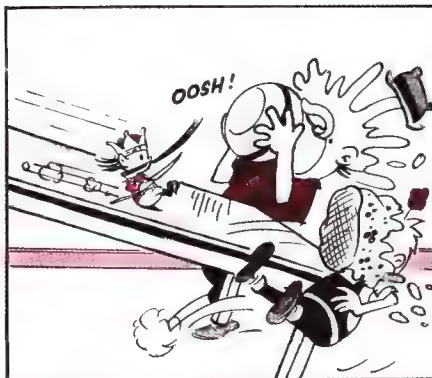
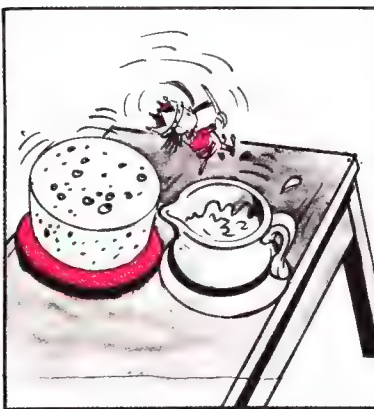


Hugh McNeill



A NATIONAL EMERGENCY WAS DECLARED IN TROLL-LAND... THE CHIEF MINISTER AND CHIEFS-OF-STAFF MET AT THE SCENE OF THE KIDNAPPING TO MAKE THEIR FATEFUL DECISION...



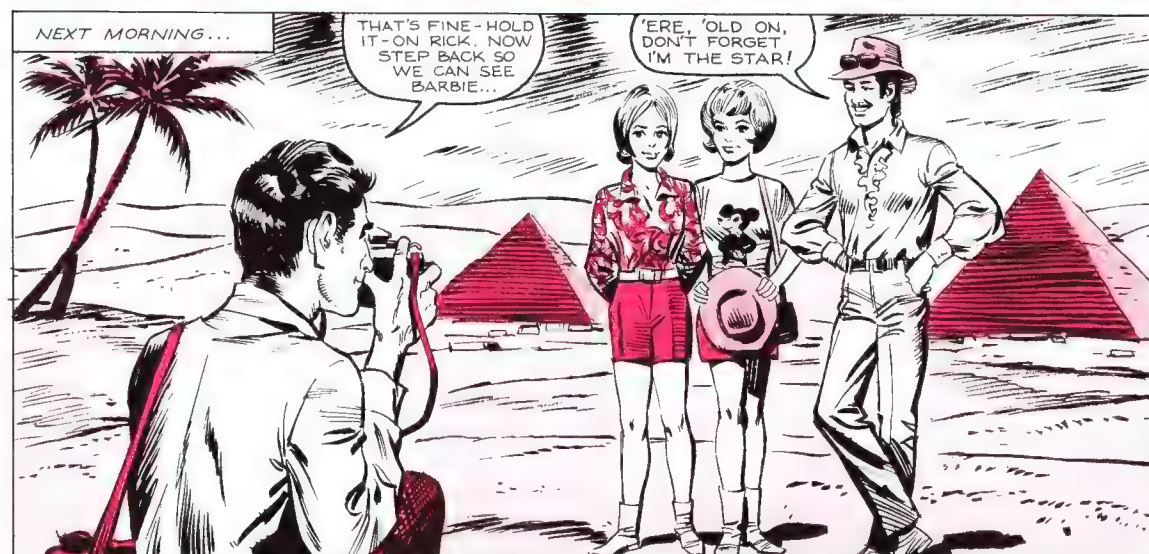


JOKES AROUND THE WORLD



BARBIE - The Model Girl!













HOME WANTED

Can you find a home for me?
Please I won't cost much to keep;
Seems I have no pedigree,
That is why I'm going cheap.

Will you look at me again?
Haven't you decided yet?
If it's 'yes' then you'll obtain
An ever-loving faithful pet.



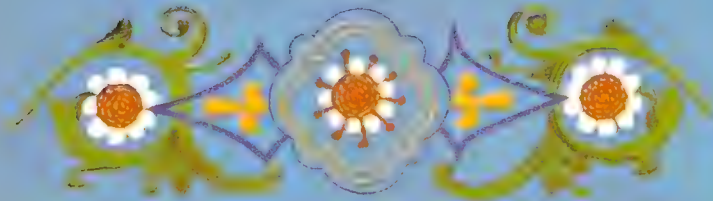
P.S. I'm very glad to say
I've found a happy home today

Stories from the ballet **Petrouchka**

The Story of an Unhappy Puppet

1 It was Easter time, and at Admiralty Square in St. Petersburg, Russia, a grand celebration was taking place. The whole town was there, enjoying all the fun of the fair.

2 The biggest attraction was a magician who claimed he could bring his three puppets to life. A large crowd had gathered round the stage, eager to see this wonderful display of magic.



3 Then the curtains opened and on to the stage marched three puppets—a ballerina, a Negro and, in the middle, Petrouchka. The audience was amazed.

4 After the show the magician put away the puppets in their rooms behind the stage. Now Petrouchka, the worst-made puppet, had fallen in love with the ballerina.

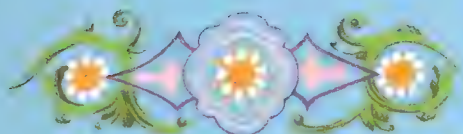
5 So he went into her room to tell her of his love, but the room was empty. Suddenly Petrouchka heard laughing from the Negro's room next door and he realized the ballerina was in there with the Negro.





6 Still determined to tell the ballerina of his love, Petrouchka entered the Negro's room, but found the Negro and the ballerina embracing. The one he loved had fallen in love with the Negro.

7 Petrouchka was so upset that he begged the ballerina to forsake the Negro. The ballerina just laughed, but the Negro was not so amused. Drawing his sword he attacked poor Petrouchka.





8 Petrouchka managed to dodge the angry Negro for a little while but he soon began to tire. Worn-out and unarmed, Petrouchka was helpless and certainly seemed doomed.

9 After holding out against the angry blackamoor for a few minutes, poor Petrouchka had no option but to flee for his life. Still ducking the blackamoor's deadly weapon, he ran from the room, across the stage and into the street.

10 By now it was dark, and as Petrouchka ran out into the dark, empty street, the blackamoor caught up with him and, with one fierce blow, struck Petrouchka dead.





11 No sooner had this terrible deed been done than the blackamoor regretted it. Taking the ballerina, who still loved him, by the hand, the two dolls ran away, never to be seen again.

12 Within seconds, a small crowd had gathered around the lifeless form of Petrouchka. Children even started crying.

13 But then the old magician came along and, seeing everyone so upset, started laughing at them, explaining that Petrouchka was not really dead, for he was only a doll.





14 While the magician stood there laughing, the crowd began to disperse. Then he picked up Petrouchka and turned round to receive a big shock.

15 Hovering above the stage was the ghost of Petrouchka—cursing the magician for causing him so much unhappiness.

16 The startled magician was so horrified at this that he dropped the body of Petrouchka and ran from the town screaming — also never to be seen again.



THE DEER

by Penelope Wynton

WHEN Dorothy awoke she saw the deer not more than thirty yards away. She lay quite still, tense with excitement and hardly daring to draw breath. She was entranced by the animal's regal elegance and grace. It stood in the shallows of the river with its head held high and proud and its antlers widespread, and worn like a monarch's crown.

It was the first time Dorothy had seen a live deer but she knew that when it became aware of her, it

would disappear instantly into the undergrowth. She determined not to be seen and held her breath while she watched the beautiful animal.

The deer lowered its head to drink. Its legs were long and supple and its fur was velvet-smooth and tawny. Its throat muscles rippled rhythmically as it drank, and from time to time it ceased swallowing, flared its nostrils, pricked up its ears and turned its head slowly from side to side while its large, soft eyes searched for danger. Once it seemed to look



It was a beautiful animal—and now the men would hunt it to its death. Could Dorothy save it?

straight at Dorothy. She froze, knowing that among the long grass her grey frock, and the round, black hat that concealed her golden curls, looked like a rocky outcrop.

The deer drank its fill and browsed along the water's edge for almost ten minutes until a slight sound disturbed it. The deer sharply raised its head, stared across the river and then, with a dainty bound, leaped up upon the river bank. Its movements were so graceful they seemed unhurried. But for only a moment could Dorothy see the deer silhouetted against the sky line and the bushes lining the river. Then it vanished!

Dorothy was so excited that she ran all the way back to her Aunt's home. Dorothy and her parents were visiting and when she burst into the living-room, all the grown-ups were drinking tea.

"I've seen a deer!" panted Dorothy excitedly. "I was reading a book in the meadow alongside the river and it was so peaceful I fell asleep. When I awoke a deer was drinking at the brook. Mama. It was so beautiful. So lovely!"

Uncle John leaned forward, his sharp, grey eyes alive with interest. "A deer drinking in the river by the meadow?" he asked quickly. "Is that the meadow with the fallen oak tree, Dorothy?"

"Yes, uncle. And he was so beautiful. So... regal! He was proud. Like a king!"

Uncle John banged down his teacup and jumped to his feet. "Come, Charles," he told Dorothy's father. "This must be the one that is destroying the crops. Let's ride into town and tell everybody."

When the men had gone, Dorothy's mother looked at Aunt Maude. "What will they do?" she asked.

Dorothy listened unhappily.

Aunt Maude poured more tea. "They will gather all the farmers together and at dawn they'll hunt it with horses and hounds." Aunt Maude frowned sadly at Dorothy. "If you were not a town girl you'd know how to ride. You could go with them."

"To hunt that beautiful deer!" burst out Dorothy, indignantly. "Never!"

"That deer must be stopped," said Aunt Maude firmly. "It has caused far too much damage already!"

"What will they do to it when they catch it?" asked Dorothy. She was flushed with guilt. She should never have told the grown-ups about the deer.

"They'll kill it," said Aunt Maude. She looked at Dorothy's suddenly pale face. "I am sorry, my dear," she said gently. "But it is the only way to stamp out pests and vermin."

DOROTHY lay quietly in the long grass, squeezing her eyes tightly closed. She wished and wished. Presently, when she opened her eyes, her wish was granted. The deer stood close to her, not twenty yards away. Its big, almond-velvet eyes watched her sadly as it lapped water thirstily. The deer's muzzle was wet and its hide was sleek with sweat. Its antlers towered majestically.

"You are so beautiful," thought Dorothy,

longing to stroke the wet muzzle. "I don't want you to go away. You are so beautiful I want you to stay with me for ever. But, thought Dorothy sadly, "if I do not warn you, here you will remain. And if you remain here, you'll be hunted."

Abruptly, Dorothy jumped to her feet. She gestured wildly and shouted. The instant she began to move the deer gave a great, silent leap. It vanished magically.

The water was still. Insects droned in the sun.

Dorothy felt a great loneliness. She longed for the gentle beauty of the deer. She lay back in the grass and closed her eyes tightly. She pictured the beautiful beast standing close beside her at the water's edge. "Go away," she told the deer, with her mind. "Go far away where men cannot hunt you with hounds and horses. It is better that you go, even though I shall be sad without you."

Far, far away she heard the baying of hounds and the rallying note of a hunting horn.

Was it yesterday when she had first seen this deer; or was it today? Dorothy asked herself. Or was it all a dream? Was she dreaming now?

A sound disturbed her. She rolled over quickly on her back and looked up at her father. He laughed down at her. "You'll get sunburnt if you sleep in the sun like that," he warned. He reached down a strong hand and pulled her to her feet.

Dorothy brushed crushed grass stalks from her skirt. "Is the hunt over?" she asked quietly.

"Long ago," said her father. "I've come to bring you home for lunch."

"And... did they catch the deer, Papa?" she asked unhappily.

He looked away from her. "No. We did not catch it."

Dorothy's eyes shone. "Then it escaped! I'm so happy. I couldn't bear to know that such a gentle and beautiful animal has been hunted and killed."

He took her arm and held it warmly. "You are very young, Dorothy," he told her gently. "To you, all the world and all that is in it is beautiful. But as you grow older you will learn that ugliness is joined with beauty, that badness is a part of goodness and that dishonesty springs from truthfulness. In time, my dear, you will learn we cannot live with beauty all the time."

"It would have been wrong to kill the deer," said Dorothy flatly. "It was too beautiful to die."

"Yet too destructive to live," said her father.

"I am pleased I saved the deer," said Dorothy proudly.

"Saved the deer?" asked her father. He looked at her curiously.

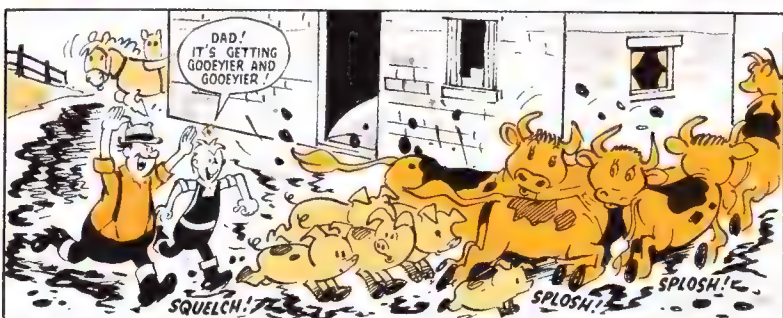
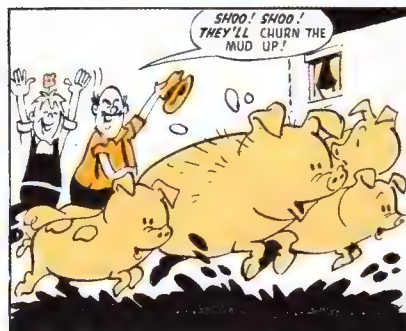
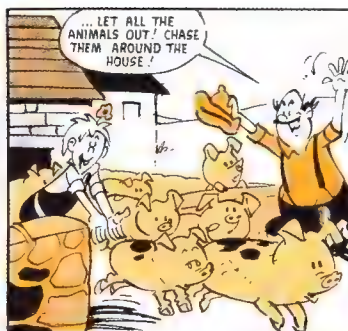
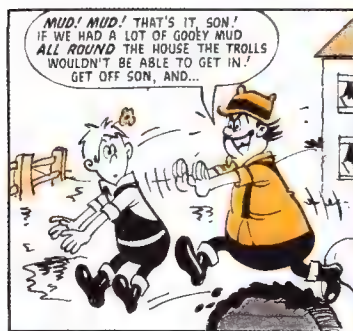
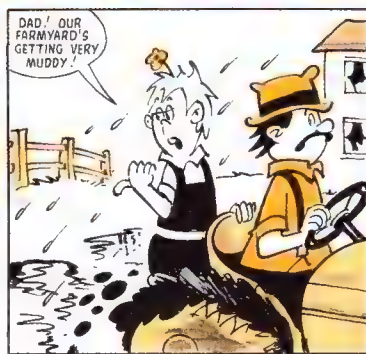
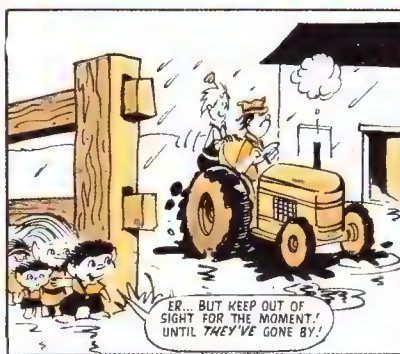
"Yes. I saved the deer," said Dorothy simply. She still wasn't sure if she had been dreaming; but it made no difference because the wish to save the deer was in her heart.

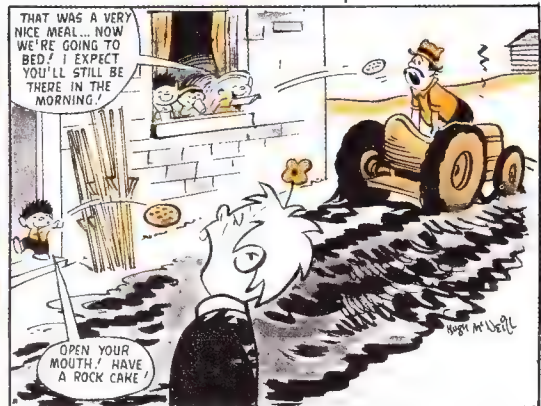
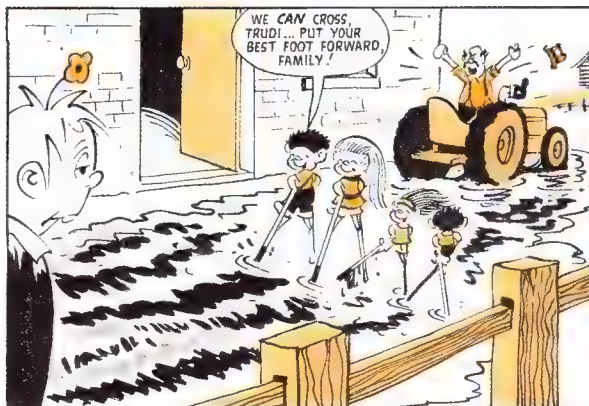
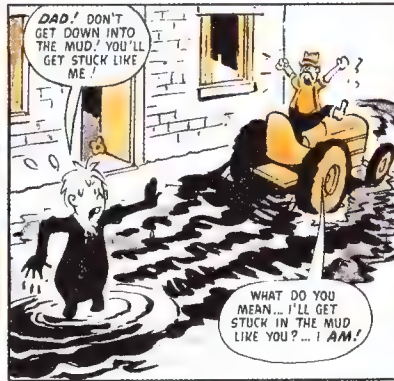
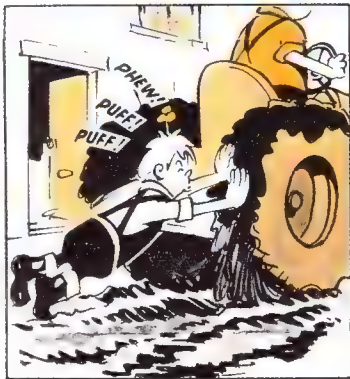
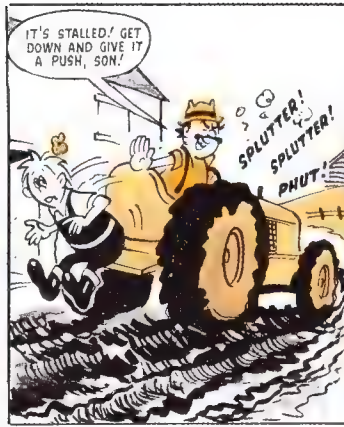
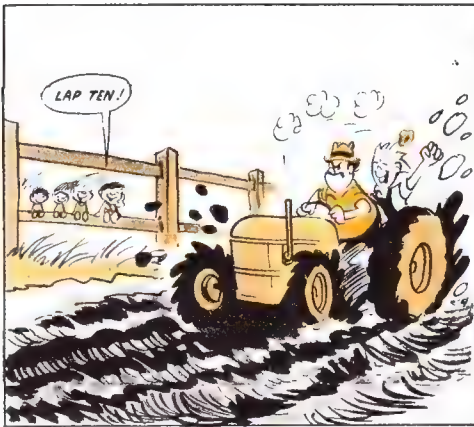
"I scared the deer away, Papa," she said proudly. "I awoke. I saw the deer and I frightened it away."

His hand tightened upon her arm.

"If you are happy to have saved the deer, I am content," he told Dorothy and his voice was strangely husky.

THE TROLLS





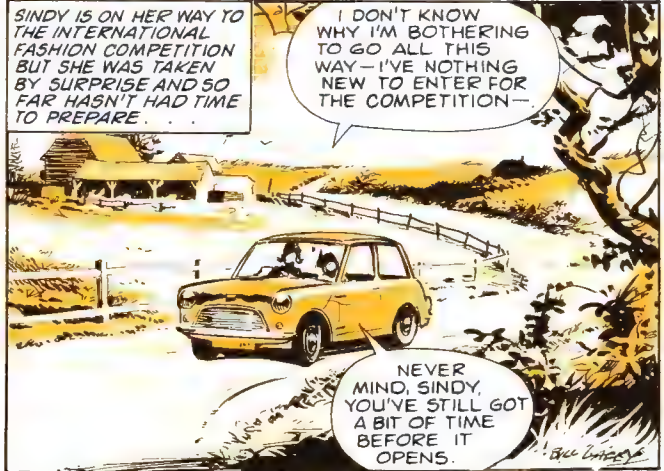


Sindy's GOOD DEED

The real-life
adventures of
that famous
fashion doll,
Sindy

SINDY IS ON HER WAY TO THE INTERNATIONAL FASHION COMPETITION BUT SHE WAS TAKEN BY SURPRISE AND SO FAR HASN'T HAD TIME TO PREPARE.

I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M BOTHERING TO GO ALL THIS WAY—I'VE NOTHING NEW TO ENTER FOR THE COMPETITION—



NEVER MIND, SINDY, YOU'VE STILL GOT A BIT OF TIME BEFORE IT OPENS.

ANYWAY, IT'S A NICE DRIVE THROUGH THE COUNTRY AND IT'LL MAKE A BREAK FOR YOUR HALF-TERM.



I'LL SAY—OH, LOOK! THERE'S A WINDMILL. BUT LOOK AT ALL THOSE PEOPLE—



WHAT'S GOING ON? WE'D BETTER FIND OUT.

BE CAREFUL, THEY LOOK VERY ANGRY

COME ON, JESS, WHY NOT CALL IT A DAY?



ME FATHER AND HIS FATHER BEFORE HIM LIVED IN THIS 'ERE WINDMILL AND 'ERE I'LL STAY. I'M NOT MOVING.

WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY CAN'T THE POOR OLD MAN STAY IN HIS HOME?

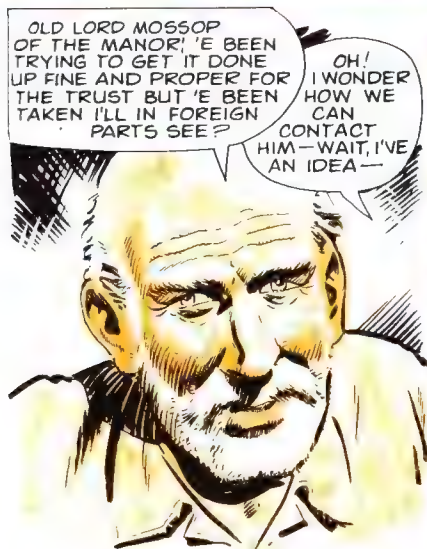
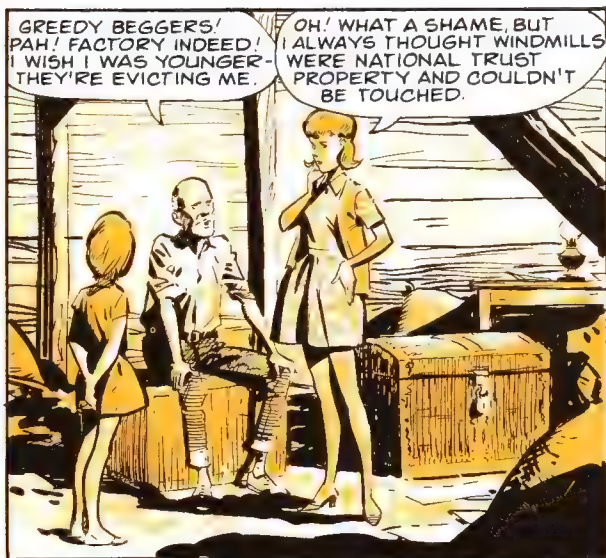


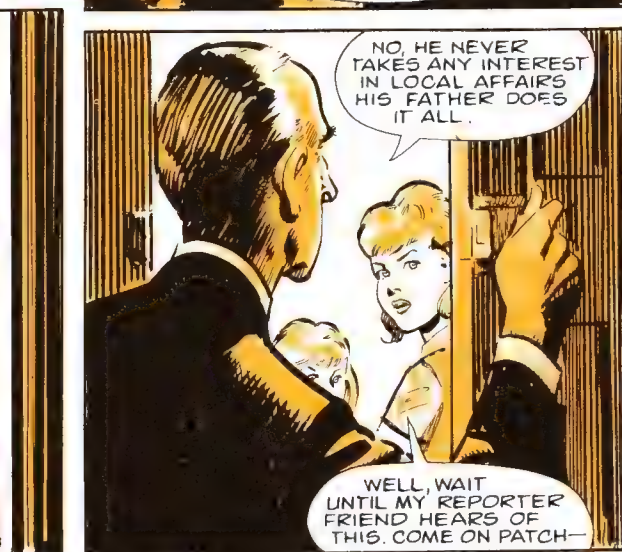
POOR OLD MAN! INDEED! WE'VE HAD A GOOD OFFER FOR THE LAND AROUND HERE. ONLY THIS WRETCHED MILLS IN THE WAY! HE'S DEPRIVING US THAT'S WHAT!

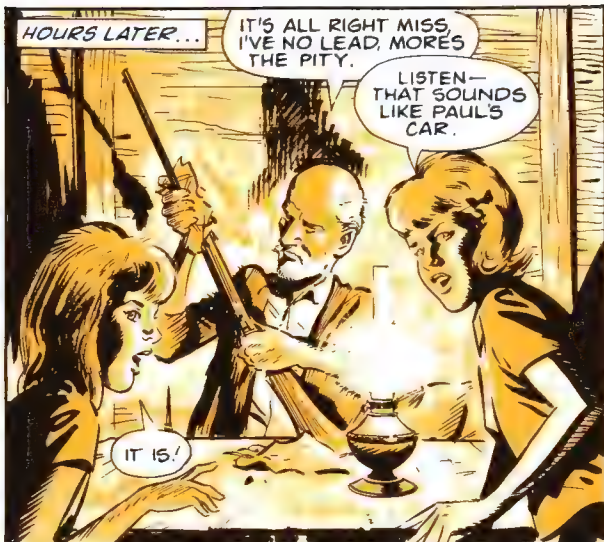
BE READY AT 10 A.M. TOMORROW 'OLE JESS I'M BRINGING ME BULLDOZER.

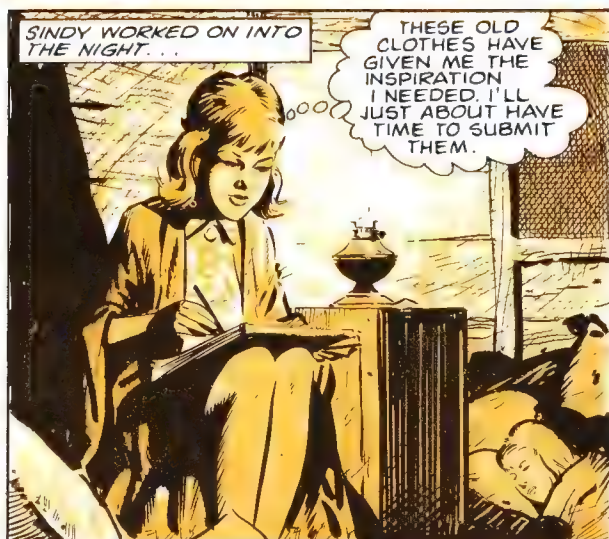


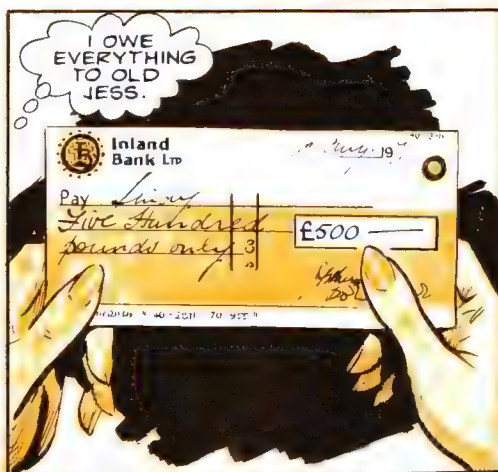
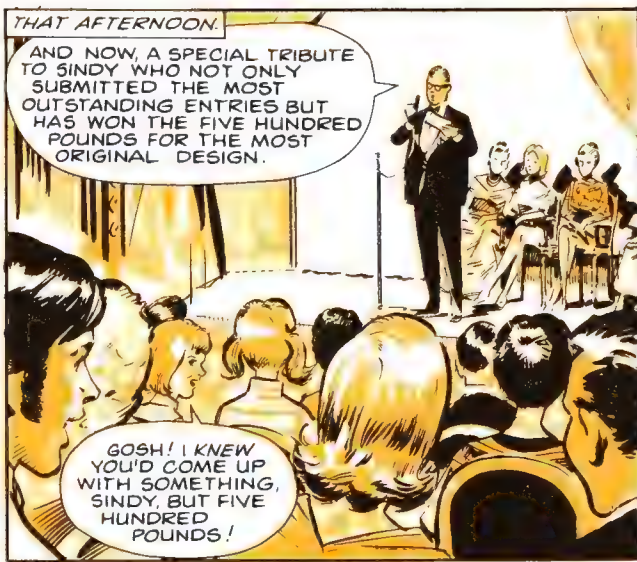
THAT'LL DO THE TRICK SMASH THE PLACE DOWN.

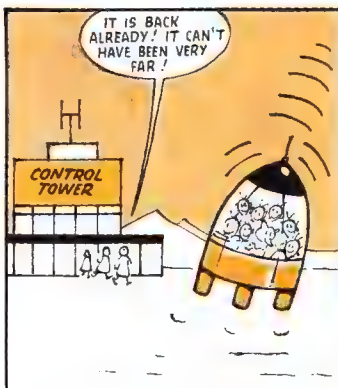
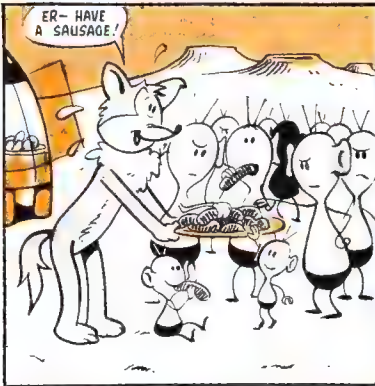
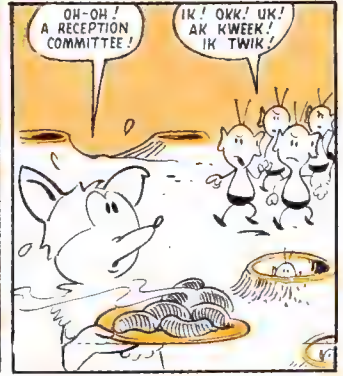
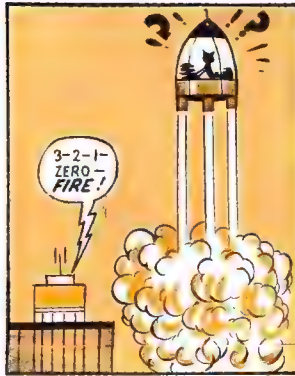
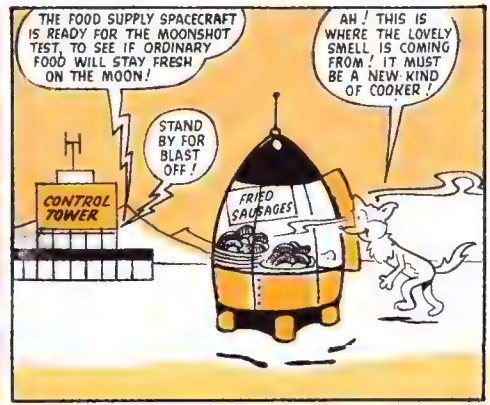
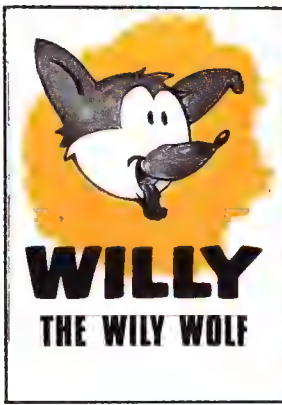




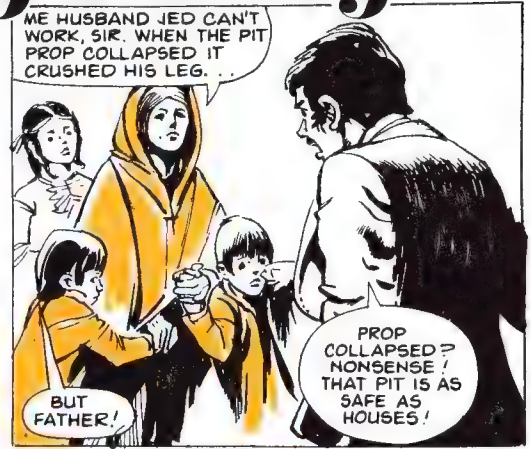


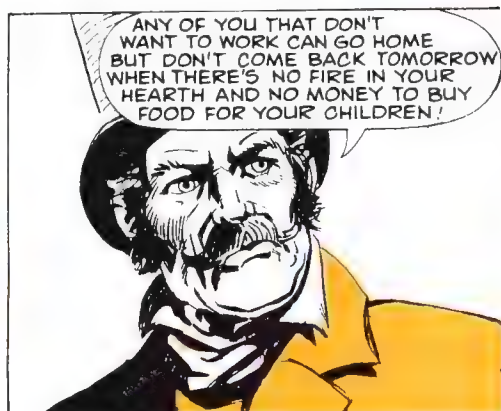




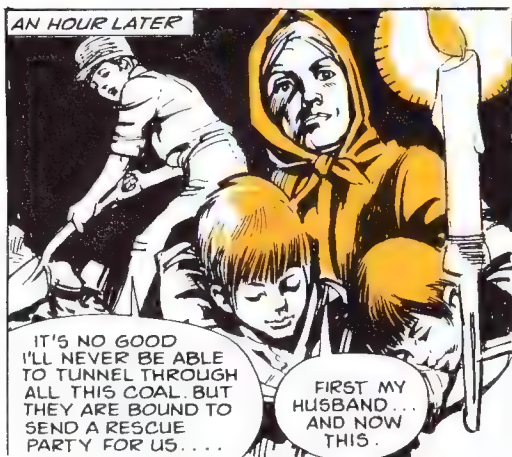


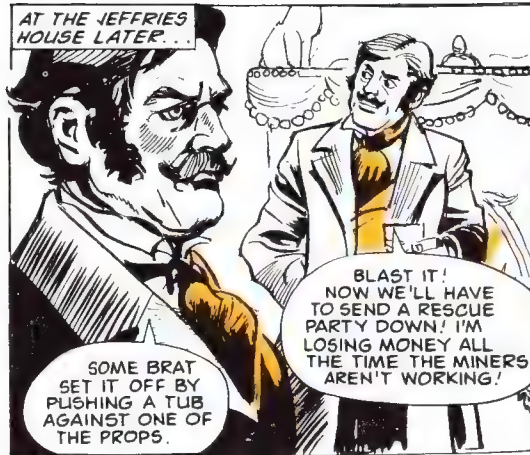
My Father ~ My Enemy!





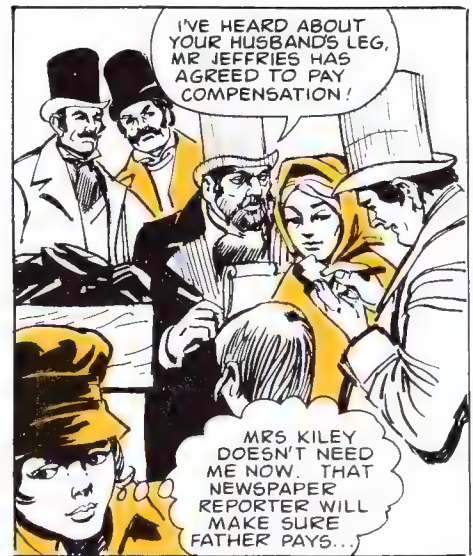








JULIE RAN LIKE THE WIND...



LATER THAT
MORNING...





ROMEO & JULIET

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Romeo and Juliet was the first tragedy written by William Shakespeare. It is a tragedy of young people, in which youth and love are brought face to face with hatred and death.

Shakespeare based his play on an old romantic Italian story which was made popular in the middle of the sixteenth century under the title of "The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet".

THE two chief families in Verona were the rich Capulets and the Montagues.

A quarrel had arisen between them, so that at the time of our story the Capulets and the Montagues were both enemies.

One day old Lord Capulet held a great ball to which all were welcome, except of course the Montagues. Nonetheless, Romeo, Lord Montague's son, decided to go in disguise with two of his friends. At the ball Romeo was struck with the beauty of one of the girls, and commented on her to his friends:

'Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.'

At once Romeo was overheard by

Tybalt, a nephew of the host, Lord Capulet. Tybalt was enraged that a Montague should have come to the ball and would have killed him at once had not Lord Capulet himself stopped him, saying that a fight between them would be disrespectful to his guests, and anyway, he had heard tell that Romeo was one of the more pleasant of the Montagues.

Romeo did not leave the ball without discovering the name of the girl who had won his heart. She was, he was told to his dismay, Juliet, daughter of Lord Capulet and therefore a sworn enemy of his family.

Juliet, too, had been struck by the handsome young man she had spoken to briefly, and enquiring later who he was, was as dismayed as he had been to find that he was the son of Montague.

Romeo and his friends left the ball at midnight, but unable to put Juliet out of his mind Romeo slipped away from them and leaped over the wall of an orchard behind her house. Soon, Juliet appeared at her window. Thinking herself alone, and thinking all the time of the handsome youth at the ball, she exclaimed aloud,

'O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou, Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name:

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,



And I'll no longer be a Capulet.'

Romeo spoke again and now Juliet recognised his voice, and warned him anxiously of the danger he faced by being alone in the Capulet's orchard.

At length Juliet was called away by her nurse, but not before she had agreed to send a messenger to Romeo the next morning to appoint a time for their marriage. And he, his heart bounding, made his way at once to the house of his friend Friar Laurence to fix their wedding. There, a little later, Juliet came to meet Romeo and the happy pair were secretly married by the Friar.

The same day Tybalt, the headstrong Capulet, was walking through Verona when he met two of Romeo's friends and picked a quarrel with them. Things were coming to a head when Romeo appeared, and Tybalt turned at once upon him, calling him a villain.

Now the last thing Romeo wanted was a quarrel with this kinsman of Juliet, so he tried to reason with Tybalt. It was to no avail, and Tybalt drew his sword. Seeing this, Romeo's friend Mercutio intervened and Tybalt and Mercutio fought until Mercutio was killed.

Overcome with grief, Romeo could contain his temper no longer. Seizing his sword he flew at Tybalt and after a hard fight killed him. The news of this deadly brawl spread like wildfire through the city and the Prince of Verona, determined to put an end to the feud between the Capulets and Montagues, ordered Romeo to be exiled from the city. Now, with a heavy heart, Romeo met Juliet in secret and said goodbye to her.

Several days later old Lord Capulet suggested to his daughter Juliet that she should marry the Count of Paris. We can imagine her consternation, for no-one but Friar Laurence knew that she was already Romeo's wife. Hurrying to the Friar's house, she asked him what she should do.

The Friar had an idea. He had, he said, a potion which she should drink the night before the wedding. The effect would be that for two days she would be in a deep sleep, appearing cold and lifeless. When the bridegroom came for her he would think her dead and take her to the church—not to be married but to be buried. Meanwhile, said the Friar, he would contact Romeo and bring him secretly back to Verona to take Juliet



At the ball Romeo was struck by the beauty of one of the girls

away as soon as she woke.

Juliet had many misgivings about the Friar's plan, but grown desperate with anxiety she did as he told her. The trick worked. Coming to fetch her, her 'bridegroom' found her apparently dead and she was conveyed in an open bier to the church, with all the Capulets mourning the death of fair Juliet.

But bad news always travels faster than good—and the first news that Romeo heard that day was that Juliet was dead. At once he set out for Verona and at nightfall arrived at the church where Juliet lay sleeping. There finding her surely dead, just as he had been told, and overcome by grief, he took a bottle of poison from his coat, and swallowed it all, falling dead beside her.

The hour came at last for Juliet to awake. Opening her eyes she saw to her

horror Romeo lying dead beside her. Now it was her turn to grieve, and deciding she could no longer live without her true love, she unsheathed a dagger which she wore and stabbed herself, dying by Romeo's side.

The discovery of the tragedy caused an uproar in Verona. Lord Capulet and Lord Montague and the Prince were called from their beds to inquire into the disturbance. At the church Friar Laurence explained to them how he had secretly married Romeo and Juliet in the hope that the long quarrel between their families would be ended.

Then the Prince of Verona turned upon Lord Montague and Lord Capulet and upbraided them for their enmities.

At last, in that sad place, Montague and Capulet saw the error of their ways and agreed to bury their long feud.

MAKE A MOTIF

By LINDA



DO you ever feel that you simply can't bear to look at all the clothes in your wardrobe any more, let *alone* wear any of them?

I do. Frequently! But as I don't have unlimited supplies of money I can't just throw them away and buy more. And basically most of them are all right—it's just that I get bored with them.

Well, there's never been a better time than the present for people like me! Because now, people are turning clothes into a form of pop art. And it's all done with scraps of material, a pair of scissors and a bit of imagination.

For instance, what about all the tee-shirts in the shops, with hearts on them, or flowers, butterflies, houses, faces, bunches of fruit, teddy-bears, dolls and so on? Now when you examine these close by, you find that the motif of the heart, butterfly, or bird, hasn't been printed on, but has been cut out of another piece of material and stuck on. For this you have to fork out quite a lot of your valuable new pennies.

So—why not decorate your own tee-shirt? It's quite easy. Admittedly, you can go wrong if you try to *stick* your motif on, because the glue is apt to get all over the place and most materials fray at the edges. Also, sticking two materials together doesn't always work if one of them is inclined to stretch. So it's better to *sew* your motif on.

All you need is a few pieces of bright material, which you might find in mother's rag-bag if you are lucky.

Of course, tee-shirts are obvious bases for motifs, but

you don't have to stop there. A shoulder-bag of the type that has a press-down flap can be dressed up in this way. Or the patch pockets on a dress or jacket, if it is made of a plain material, can take them too.

Don't feel that you have to be a first-rate artist to make these motifs. Simple designs often look the best. For instance, I saw a girl the other day with three brightly-coloured diamonds down each side of her jacket. It really looked good. The heart motif is quite an easy one too; you will get both sides the same if you draw one half on tracing paper and then folding it over down the centre, trace the other half.

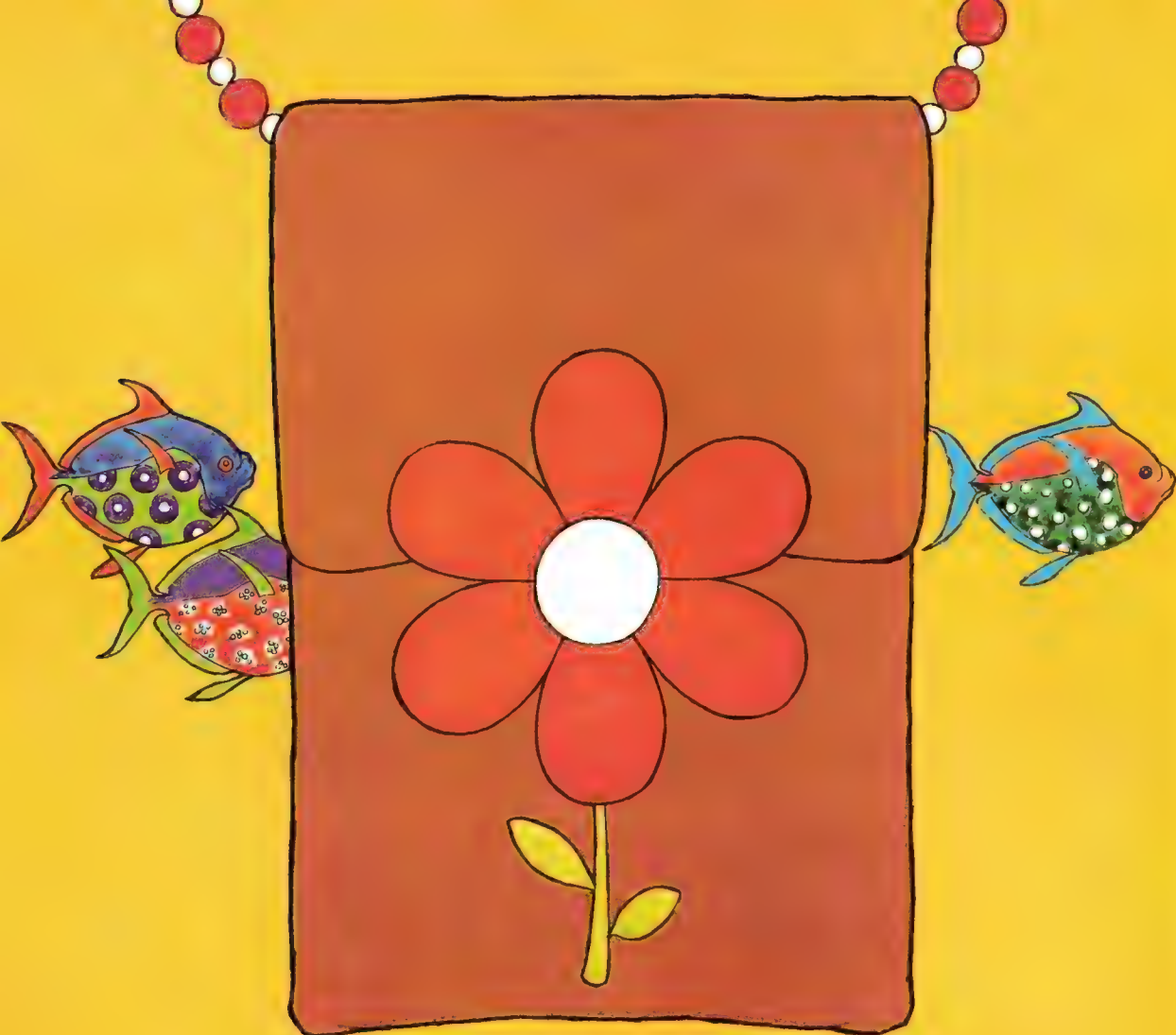
Another good idea is to personalise your motif—that is, have one motif that you put on several things. It might be, say, an emerald green butterfly, or an orange heart. Or it might reflect a hobby; those interested in sailing, for instance, might make a little sailing boat their special motif.

You could take the initial letter in you Christian name as a motif if you want to be really personal about it! Or even, providing it is short enough, you might try to work out your whole name!

The shell is a little more complicated, but can be made by pleating the material in the form of a fan. The pleats should be secured with horizontal tacking stitches, and then the material cut to shape.

While you are experimenting with ideas, try making five, six or even more motifs of the same design, but in varying colours with different materials or sequins. These can be grouped together, overlapping slightly so that they form one big design . . .





This idea, when carried out on a large piece of material, can make a wall-hanging with a difference for your room.

And here are a few more practical ways in which motifs may be used. If you need your skirts longer, and there isn't enough hemline to let down, you can convert your mini by adding a band of a toning or contrasting

material in either a straight band or a flounce. On this, motifs would look very effective—especially if you have a little of the original material to make or trim them with.

You can buy PVC-coated cotton in bright colours nowadays and this is good for motifs because you need not worry that it will fray. Imagine how stunning a



bright red shiny apple would look on the front of a one-piece plain swimsuit! Although this is a bit stiff to sew, it is not an impossible task.

Use motifs around the house, too. On tea-cosies and eggcups, perhaps, or on the front of a pegbag. Or on an apron or oven cloth.

Once you really get the idea you'll be putting motifs on everything! The trouble with me is, I'm so busy making them that there's hardly any time left for wearing them!

MATERIALS YOU WILL NEED FOR MAKING MOTIFS

Pieces of material. Felt is good, and so is suede, because they don't fray. But softer materials such as poplin and velvet are better for use on some fabrics. The material you use for a motif should be more or less the same weight as the material it is to be used on. Avoid jersey, because this tends to ladder.

Embroidery silks and needle. These are to stitch around the edge, if you are stitching by hand. We will mention the stitching later. Also you might want to embroider in some detail.

Scissors. These should be sharp, or you will have ragged edges to stitch round, which will fray more quickly. They should not be too large, then you can go round corners easily.

Tracing paper. If you draw your design on to the tracing paper and keep it safely, you can repeat it whenever you like.

Pencil and rubber. You will need these to work out

your design.

Pins. For pinning the tracing paper to the motif, and, later the motif to the garment.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR MOTIF

First of all, you must draw your design on the tracing paper very carefully. It should be clearly done with a very simple outline, because, remember, you have to stitch all around it. Now take the material that you are going to use for the motif. Pin the tracing paper to it inside the lines of your design, and cut it out. Remove the tracing paper.

At this stage, if you have access to a sewing machine with a swing needle, the job is made even simpler. Set it to a very short stitch and the widest swing, and you'll whizz round the edges of your motif in no time at all. Having thus tidied up all the edges, you can easily hem the motif to the garment. You should not swing-stitch suede or felt.

If you haven't a swing-stitch sewing machine to hand, do nothing with the edges at this stage.

Pin the motif to the garment, and try it on. It's always better to see what it will look like because you might be surprised to find that you stick out or go in just at that point, and want to reposition the motif! But once you are satisfied that it is in the right position, you can stitch it down, either hemming it if you have previously machined the edges, or blanket-stitching the raw edges to the garment. If you use the latter method, use great care to get your stitches all the same length and close together.

We have illustrated a few simple designs for you to trace:-
a flower, sea-shell, butterfly and a cloud with swallows.



Poacher's Punishment

BY JANE COOK



ANN was lonely and miserable when she first saw the boy. He sat upon the river bank with his eyes riveted upon the float, yet a sixth sense made him aware of her the moment she emerged from the bushes.

The boy didn't move but Ann sensed he was alert, like an animal tensed to run for cover. Ann approached him timorously and he turned his head towards her and stared boldly.

"Hello," said Ann.

He studied her solemnly before he replied. "Hello."

"Fishing?" Ann asked. She felt more confident now and moved closer to him. "Look!" she shripped. "Your float's moving. You've got a bite!"

"No, it ain't" he said laconically. "That's just the breeze." He pulled in the line to prove her wrong and then cast his hook again. "Where do you come from?" he asked.

He was only a year older than Ann, she guessed. But he adopted a very superior manner. "My name's Ann," she told him quickly. "I'm here with my mother and father. We're visiting uncle and auntie." She sighed. "They're all adults," she added ruefully. "I've nobody my age to talk to or play with."

The boy grunted.

She eyed him speculatively. "We can be friends," she said. "What's your name?"

"Robby" he said. She saw the wary look in his eyes when he asked: "Are you stopping at the big house with the Brownings?"

Ann nodded. "That's right." Her eyes went to the large jam-jar at Robby's side. In it swam two minnows. "Did you catch those?"

"Both of them," Robby said with pride.

Ann settled down on the bank beside him, adjusted her straw hat to keep the sun out of her eyes and asked curiously, "What will you do with them?"

"Cook them and eat them."

"You couldn't be so cruel!" Ann was shocked.

"It's not cruel," he defended. "Everybody eats fish. You eat fish, don't you?"

"But the tradesmen bring it. And it's all cut up."

"But it was alive once," said Robby triumphantly.

Ann looked at the minnows in the jam-jar. She sighed. "They're nice to watch, aren't they?"

"They swim good," he said admiringly.

"You don't *have* to eat them, do you?" she coaxed.

Robby's face settled in a sullen frown. "I'm a trespasser," he said dispiritedly. "They're not mine."

"They *are* yours!" said Ann. She felt flushed with pride for him. "You caught them!"

"It won't make any difference," said Robby, shaking his head. "I'm a trespasser. They're not

mine. I have to throw them back."

"Don't you dare," Ann told him sternly. "We'll catch more. We'll keep them in the jar for days and days. Then we can watch them swim around and around, whenever we want."

He gave her a curious stare. One eyebrow was slightly upraised. "You won't tell them up at the house about me fishing?"

"Of course not," Ann said stoutly. She moved closer to him and stared down into the muddy, grey water. She saw a silvery flicker in its depth. "Will you let me fish now?"

"You don't know how," he scoffed.

"I can try."

"All right then."

He showed Ann how to hold the rod. But when the village clock tolled at midday she had still not caught anything.

"I must run," Ann told the boy. "I'm scolded if I'm late for lunch." She smoothed down her white apron, brushed grass from her skirt and straightened her straw hat. "Do you go home for lunch?"

Robby shook his head. He drew from his pocket a wrapped sandwich and an apple.

"Then I'll hurry back and we can fish together again," said Ann happily.

"Yes," agreed Robby. But there was worry in his eyes. "You won't tell them up at the house about me?"

"I will *not*!" promised Ann. "I will *never* tell them about you."

Lunch in the big house was an impressive, but also for Ann, a depressing ceremony. Her uncle and aunt sat at opposite ends of the large dining table. Ann and her mother and father sat along one side of it. Everybody was seated far apart and the salt was passed with outstretched arms. But the food was very good. Watchful servants filled the wine glasses constantly and soon the adult conversation became loud and animated.

"I envy you the joys of the countryside," Ann's father told Ann's uncle.

Cedric Browninglaw held up his drinking glass to the light so he could admire the rich ruby-red of the wine. "Here we have the finest hunting and fishing country of all England," he boasted. He sipped the wine, savoured it, drank deeply and sighed with pleasure. "I have spent a great deal of money stocking the rivers and backwaters with fish. But it was worth it. I have an abundance of fish. Come fishing with me and I will prove it."

Ann listened to her uncle with wide eyes. She thought of Robby, who would be munching his sandwich as he fished.

"But I am plagued by thieves," complained Ann's uncle. He signalled for a waiter to replenish

Continued on page 74

He was in terrible danger—and because Ann was his friend she was in danger, too!

his wine glass. "Ruffians, trespassers and poachers plunder my land and steal from my waters." Ann's uncle hammered his fist upon the table. "It's inexcusable. When I catch such men I send them to prison." Again his fist thumped the table.

Ann sat with downcast eyes. She trembled with apprehension as she thought of Robby nonchalantly munching his sandwich and watching his float. She had to warn him about Uncle. Robby did not realise his danger.

"Poachers must be trapped and punished," complained Ann's uncle angrily. "They destroy all good hunting and fishing with their greed. When I catch them I show no mercy. I have them arrested."

After lunch Ann helped her mother fold the laundry that had hung to dry in the morning sun, and helped pack it away with sprigs of lavender.

"Are you enjoying your holiday in the country, dear?" asked her mother.

"Yes, Mama," said Ann. But she added wishfully: "Except... I have no one of my own age to play with."

"You'll meet other children when you walk to the village," her mother consoled her.

"If you don't need me any more, Mama," said Ann eagerly, "I'd like to go for a walk now!"

"If you run, you can catch up with your father and uncle," said Ann's mother. "They're taking a stroll along the riverbank."

Along the riverbank!

Ann's heart thumped. She was filled with sudden fears for Robby. He would be caught red-handed!

Ann set out to warn Robby. She went the long way around, holding her long skirts up over her knees so she could run the faster, scratching her legs with brambles and twice losing her straw-hat which was snatched off her head by branches. She was quite breathless when she burst out from the bushes and saw Robby seated on the river bank and dangling his legs nonchalantly. He hadn't a fear or worry in the world.

"Robby," she called breathlessly. She ran towards him. "You must run," she shouted. "You'll be caught!"

She saw Robby's eyes widening in surprise as he glanced towards her. And then it was too late!

Ann's father and uncle stepped out from the bushes behind Robby. The boy jumped to his feet and spun around, startled and apprehensive.

"Aha!" said Ann's uncle. His eyes went to the jam-jar, then to the two minnows and then to the fishing line in Robby's hand. His eyes then went to Ann's flushed cheeks.

Robby flung a desperate glance all around him as if hoping to escape. But realising the hopelessness of it he hung his head.

"So!" thundered Ann's uncle. "A poacher! You steal from me!" His eyes went back to Ann. "And you, young lady. You are a conspirator. You tried to warn the thief so he could escape."

Ann's cheeks burned with her guilt. She looked

at her father. What looked like a funny half-grin on his face suddenly became a fixed and solemnly accusing stare.

"Well!" stormed Ann's uncle. "What have you got to say for yourselves?"

"I'm... I'm sorry, sir," faltered Robby. A note of desperation sounded in his voice. "If I throw back the minnows will you still send me to prison?"

Ann's uncle glowered. "Poaching is a serious offence," he thundered. He stared hard at Ann. "And you are an accomplice!" he accused.

Ann dropped her eyes. "Please don't send him to prison, uncle," she pleaded.

Ann's uncle looked at her father. "What do you think?"

Ann's father scowled thoughtfully. "They must be punished," he stated.

"I agree," said Ann's uncle. "They must be taught a lesson." He glared at Robby. "Listen, boy. Do you catch anything other than minnows?"

Robby stared at him. "No, sir."

"Then I shan't send you to prison," brooded Ann's uncle. "But... you must be punished. I think you must be obliged to remain here and teach Ann how to fish minnows. Do you understand?"

"Why, yes, sir," said Robby, astonished.

Ann's uncle glared at them sternly. "Then that's it. You must remain here and fish for the rest of the day. That's your punishment. Is that understood?"

Robby looked at Ann. She nodded. "Yes," said Robby quietly.

Ann's father asked. "You understand, Ann? You are to remain here and learn to fish until evening. Then you'll return to the house. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Papa," said Ann. Her eyes were downcast.

The two grown-ups turned away and left them.

"I'll make another rod so we will have one each," said Robby. He cut a springy branch from a young tree.

"Do you like fishing, Ann?" Robby asked a little later. They sat side by side, watching their floats bob upon the breeze-ruffled water.

"I love fishing," said Ann enthusiastically. "This morning I was so miserable and sad and now..."

Robby's forehead crinkled in a frown. "Aren't grown-ups funny. They always punish us for doing something wrong. But... this isn't really punishment, is it, Ann?"

"Not really," agreed Ann. Her eyes were riveted upon her float.

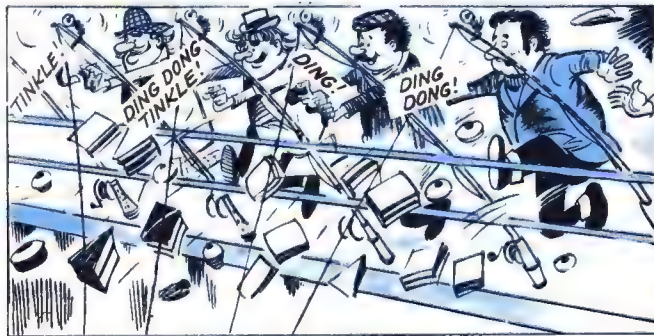
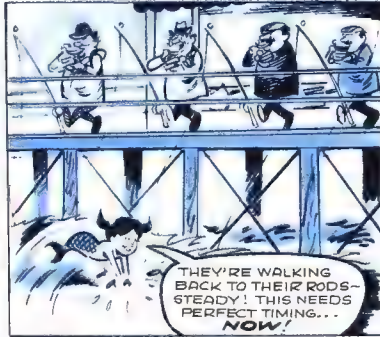
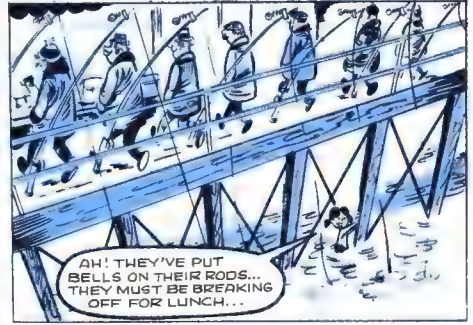
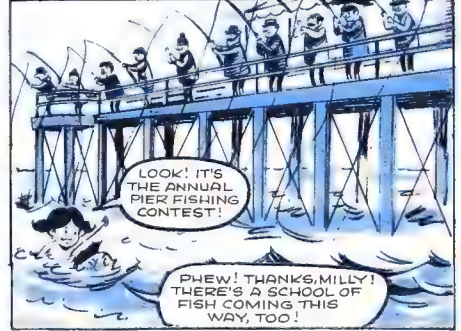
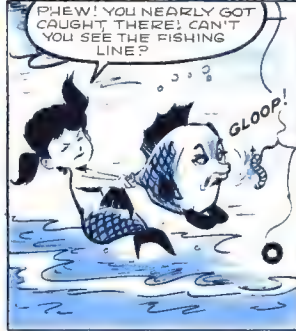
"I don't mind being punished like this every day," said Robby.

"I wouldn't either," agreed Ann. "I'd like to fish every day. But with you, Robby."

"You can. Every day that you stay here, Ann," he promised.

"Every day, Robby," she confirmed. Her eyes sparkled and her heart sang because she was no longer sad and miserable. Every day she spent with Robby would be full of excitement and interest.

MILLY the merry mermaid



HEIDI

BY
Johanna Spyri

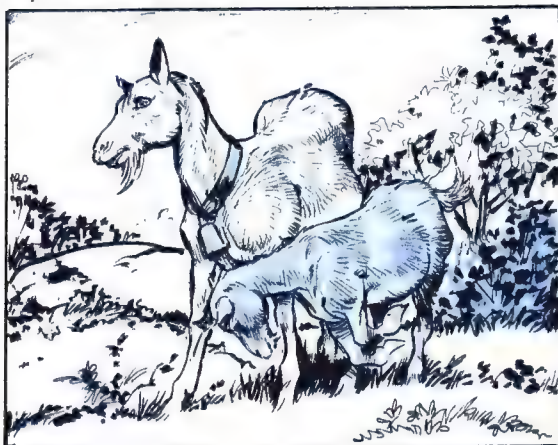
The wonderful story of a little Swiss
girl—retold for you in pictures



1 Heidi was five, years old, and an orphan. She had lived in Switzerland with her Aunt Dete since she was a baby. Now Aunt Dete was going away to work. Heidi must go to her grandfather, who lived high up in the Alps.



2 Heidi grew hotter and hotter in the warm spring air. She could see a young boy above her on the mountainside. He had a herd of goats. Like his goats, the boy jumped barefoot from rock to rock.



3 The boy's name was Peter. He was a goatherd. All summer, while sweet grass and herbs grew on the mountain, Peter looked after the village goats.



4 Heidi thought Peter looked cool and free. Suddenly, when Aunt Dete was not looking, Heidi left the path and started up the mountain after the goats.



5 Heidi looked at Peter, then down at her clothes. In a moment she had made up her mind. She did not need them! She began to take them off.



6 How light and free Heidi felt! Now she could climb as easily as Peter. Together, surrounded by the goats, they went on up the mountain.



7 Meanwhile, Aunt Dete was getting cross. She had reached the grassy ledge, high up on the mountain, where grandfather had built his house. Impatiently, Aunt Dete called to Heidi.



8 There was a tinkle of bells and Heidi came into sight. Peter followed behind, suddenly shy. "Where have you been, and what have you done with your new clothes?" scolded Aunt Dete.



9 "I did not need them," Heidi replied simply. Furious Aunt Dete sent Peter to get the little pile of clothes. She had to give him a penny for his trouble.



10 It was a long time since Aunt Dete had seen grandfather. He lived all alone on the mountain, and rarely went down to the village. He did not welcome visitors, preferring to be left alone.



11 Heidi ran straight to her grandfather and took his hand. Her little face smiled up at him. He was rather a grumpy old man, but he could not be unkind to this sweet child.



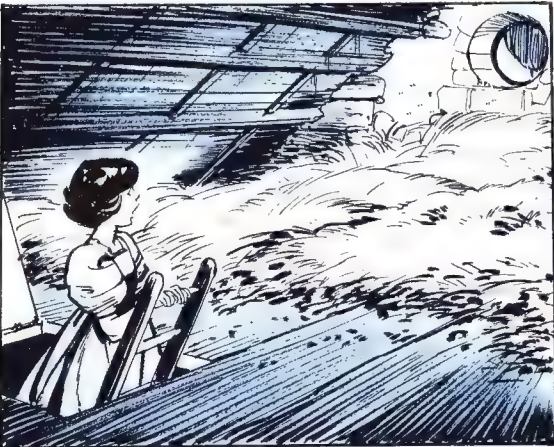
12 Grandfather agreed to look after Heidi for her own sake, not to please Aunt Dete whom he had never liked. He sent her away in a temper.



13 For the next hour Heidi excitedly explored her new home. She discovered the goats' shed with delight. She stood under the great pine trees, listening to the music the wind made rushing through their branches.



14 Then she looked all round grandfather's little house. It had only one room with a hayloft in the roof. Heidi thought it was quite perfect.



15 "Where shall I sleep grandfather?" asked Heidi. "You may choose for yourself," replied grandfather. And Heidi instantly chose the hayloft, for she had already secretly decided.



16 Together they piled up the soft, sweet-smelling hay. They spread it with a sheet and put a warm quilt on the top. Heidi was overjoyed. She could hardly wait until bedtime.



17 "First you must have your supper," said grandfather. He sat on the stool by the fire and toasted a big piece of cheese. Heidi put plates and bowls on the table.



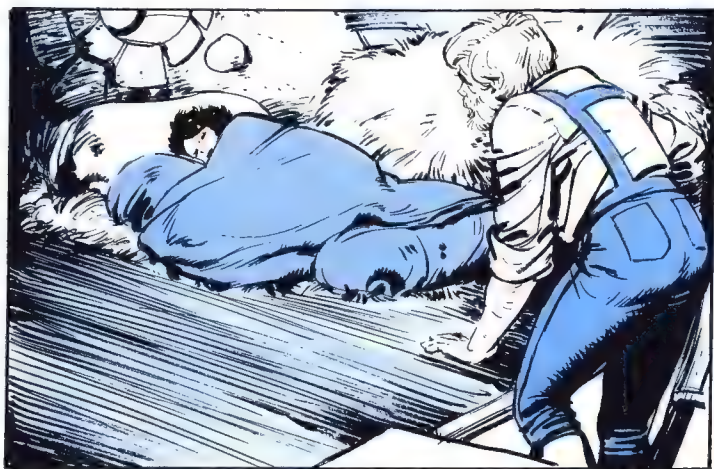
18 Supper was delicious! Heidi had never tasted such food. She had never tried goats' milk, but found it so good that she drank two bowls full.



19 After supper, grandfather made Heidi a much taller stool of her own, so that she could sit at the table with him. "How clever you are," said Heidi as she watched him work.



20 Now it was evening, and Peter came with grandfather's two goats. One was called Little Swan, the other Little Bear. Heidi loved them straight away. How soft their fur was!



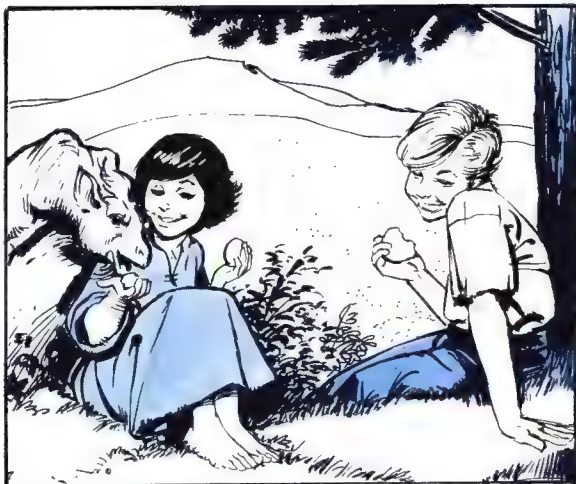
21 "Goodnight," said Heidi sleepily as she snuggled down into her warm bed. Grandfather smiled. Already he loved this child so unexpectedly thrust upon him.



22 So began Heidi's new life on the mountain. She found everything beautiful. Each happy day brought something new for her to wonder at.



23 Sometimes she went with Peter and the goats to the high pastures farther up the mountain. Here, Heidi would pick wild flowers by the armful. The sun browned her, and the clean air put roses in her cheeks.



24 They stayed out all day, sharing their lunch of crusty bread and cheese. Heidi learned the names of all the goats, and loved everyone.



25 So the summer passed. When winter came, Heidi could not spend all day on the mountain. But she was just as happy, watching grandfather make little cheeses from the goats' milk.



26 Then came the first snow, and it was very cold. Everything sparkled like diamonds. Grandfather had to get out his shovel to clear a path to the door.



27 Peter had to go to school in winter. He hated it, and found his lessons hard. He missed his friend Heidi, and longed for his Sunday visits to grandfather's house.



28 Peter told Heidi often about his mother and grandmother. They lived farther down the mountain. The old lady was quite blind. They were very poor. Heidi said she would visit them.



29 Grandfather said he would go with Heidi down the mountain. He wrapped her in a warm bed quilt. Then he sat on his sledge with Heidi on his lap, and they went rushing down the mountain.



30 Heidi was soon great friends with Peter's mother and grandmother. The old lady loved to listen to Heidi's merry chatter, although she could not see her.



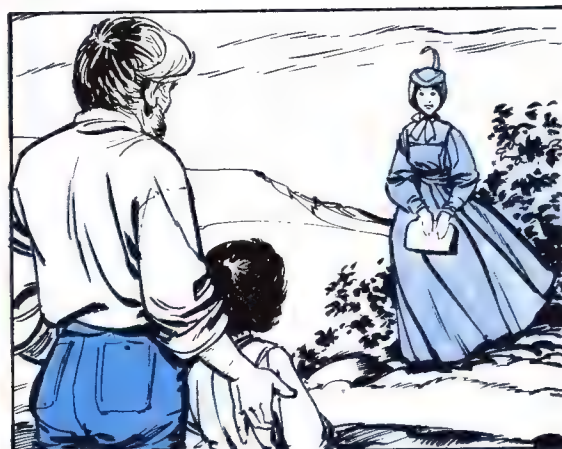
31 Next time they went to Peter's house, Heidi persuaded grandfather to take his tools. He banged and sawed all afternoon, until everything was nicely mended. How pleased grandmother was!



32 Two happy winters and summers passed in this way. When spring came again, Heidi was seven. She had learned many things, but she had never been to school. One day, the pastor came to speak to grandfather.



33 Grandfather did not like visitors. "How can Heidi go to school when the village is two hours' walk away? It is too far for a child," he said crossly.



34 The pastor went away, shaking his head sadly. But later the same day an even more unwelcome visitor arrived. It was Aunt Dete.



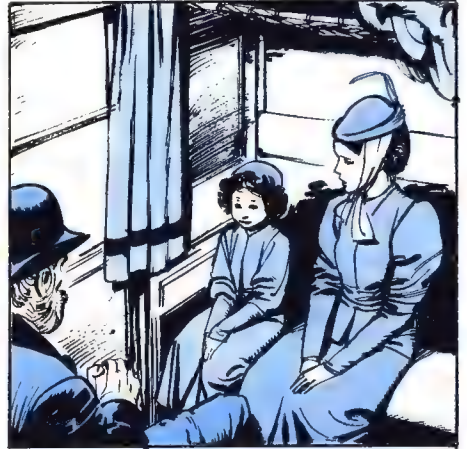
35 Aunt Dete had come to take Heidi away to the big city. Some rich friends of her employers wanted a child as friend and companion to their sick daughter. Grandfather was furious.



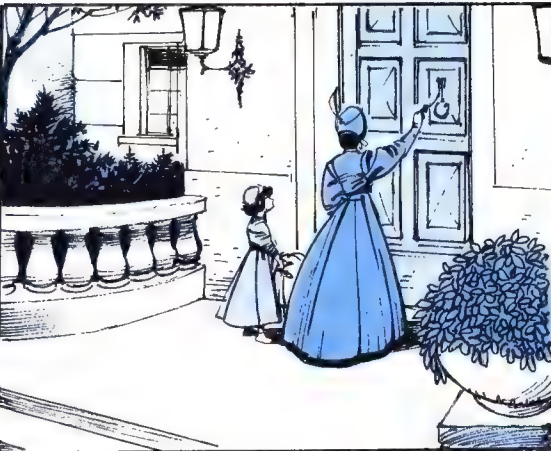
36 "Take the child if you must," shouted grandfather. He did not want to lose Heidi, but he felt she should have a chance to better herself. Heidi hated the idea.



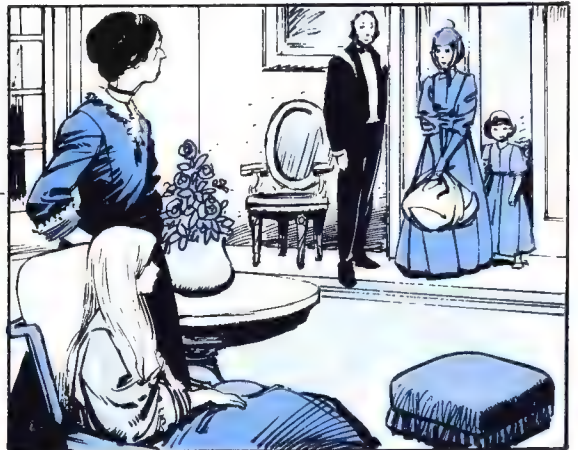
37 "I won't go," cried Heidi, clinging to grandfather. But Aunt Dete was determined. She took Heidi's hand and pulled her out, and down the mountain.



38 A new life began for Heidi on that sad day. It was all so bewildering to go on the train to the big city. Heidi was frightened.



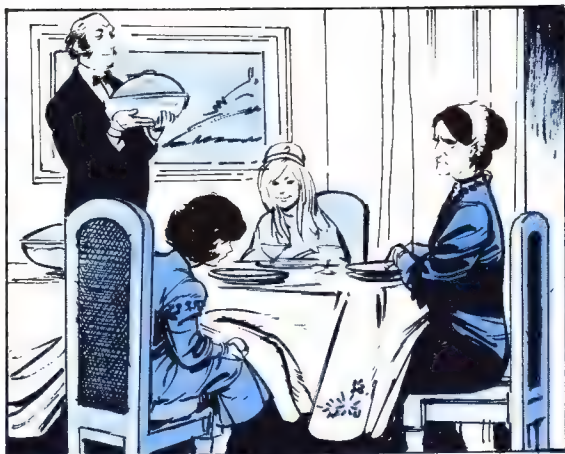
39 The house they went to was large. A gentleman called Mr. Sesemann lived there with his daughter Klara. Heidi and Aunt Dete climbed the steps and rang the bell.



40 Klara was an invalid. As her mother was dead, and her father often away on business, a housekeeper called Fraulein Rottenmeier looked after her. But she was often lonely.



41 Heidi did not like Fraulein Rottenmeier. She liked Klara, who was kind and understanding, and wanted to make a friend of Heidi.



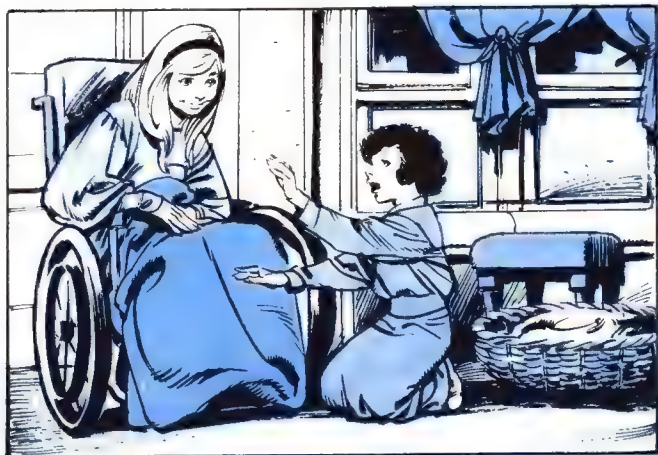
42 There was so much for Heidi to learn. She had to behave like a lady all the time, and learn not to run about. She had to learn the correct way to eat her food, even. It was very hard.



43 Heidi slept in a proper bed in a room of her own. She was so lonely. She longed for her grandfather and her friends, and her little bed in the hay-loft.



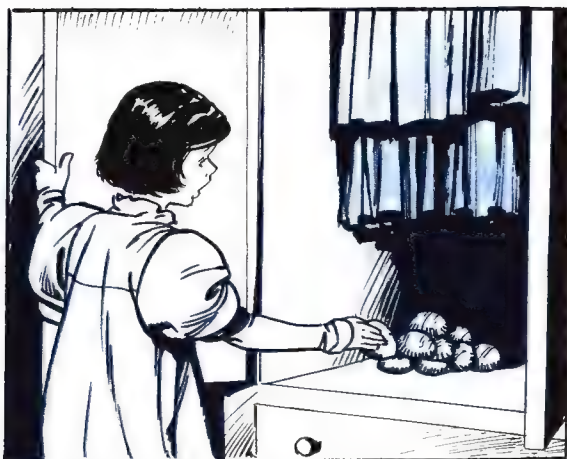
44 She missed the fresh mountain air, and the feel of the sun on her face. The streets of the city were noisy and crowded and dirty. Heidi was like a little bird in a cage.



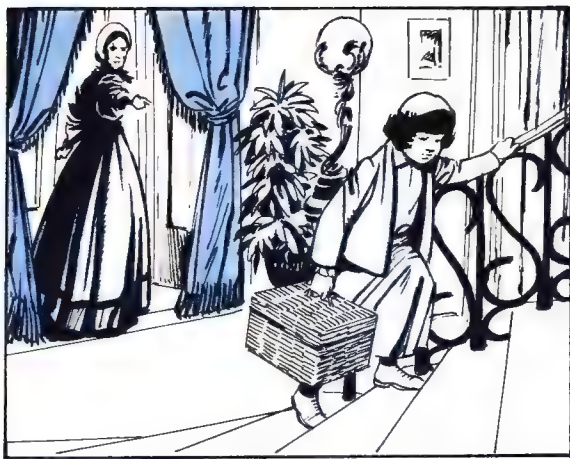
45 Klara was Heidi's only comfort. To Klara, she poured out her heart. Klara knew all about grandfather, and Peter, the pinetrees and the pasture where the goats went every day.



46 Heidi was always getting into trouble. When she found two kittens, Fraulein was furious! But the days were brighter for Klara, because Heidi was there to make her laugh.



47 All the time Heidi dreamed of going home. She saved all the bread rolls from the dinner table for Peter's grandmother and hid them in her cupboard.



48 When the pile of bread rolls grew big enough, Heidi tried to run away and go home. But Fraulein found her, and punished her for taking the rolls. Poor Heidi!



49 All this while, Klara's father had been away on business. Then, one day, there was a big hustle and bustle while everyone prepared for his return home.



50 Mr. Sesemann was a kind man. He loved his daughter and could see that she and Heidi were great friends. He did not see that Heidi was unhappy. When Fraulein complained about Heidi's behaviour, he did not agree. "Heidi stays," he said.



51 Unhappily, Klara's father soon had to go away again. But grandmother Sesemann came to stay. Heidi liked her.



52 Grandmother Sesemann spent many happy hours with Heidi and Klara. She had great patience, and taught Heidi to read and write. She noticed that Heidi was unhappy.



53 Heidi learned about Jesus from grandmother Sesemann, too. And she learned to pray. Every evening she prayed that she could go home, back to the mountains.



54 It was a sad day for Klara and Heidi when grandmother Sesemann had to leave them. Heidi cried, but Fraulein threatened to take away the books that the old lady had given Heidi, if she did not stop.



55 Heidi did not cry again. But she grew thinner. The roses faded from her cheeks, and she was as pale as a ghost. Sometimes she had bad dreams.



56 Strange things began to happen in the Sesemann house. Suddenly, the house was haunted. Several of the servants had seen a white, ghost-like form flitting along the passages.



57 Fraulein wrote to Mr. Sesemann asking him to come home and save them all from the ghost! Klara was delighted to see him again.



58 Mr. Sesemann called in his good friend the doctor to help in the investigation. Together they waited in the dark. In the middle of the night they heard a noise, jumped out, and found—Heidi!



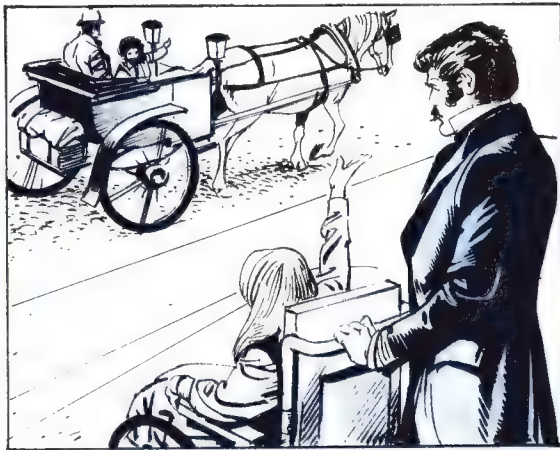
59 The good doctor took charge of Heidi. Seeing that she was unwell, he carried her back to bed. When her trembling stopped, he spoke gently to her. Heidi told him how homesick she was.



60 The doctor understood. He knew that the only answer was to let Heidi go back where she belonged. He explained to Mr. Sesemann, who, although very surprised, agreed with him.



61 Heidi could scarcely believe it. At last she was going home! Her happiness was wonderful to see. But she knew she would miss her good friend, Klara.



62 Klara was sad to lose her new friend. But her father promised that as soon as she was well enough, they would all go to the mountain to see Heidi.



63 So Heidi came back to the mountains. Grandfather cried with joy to see her again. His strong arms held her close. Heidi had never been so happy in her short life. Already her life in the big city seemed like a bad dream.



64 All Heidi's old friends were delighted to see her. Klara had sent presents for everyone. A warm shawl and the fresh rolls for Peter's grandmother, and a big sausage for Peter and his mother.



65 For grandfather, there was good tobacco for his pipe, and a long letter from Mr. Sesemann explaining everything.



66 For Heidi, warm dresses and a new hat. But her greatest pleasure was that she could now read to Peter's grandmother every day.



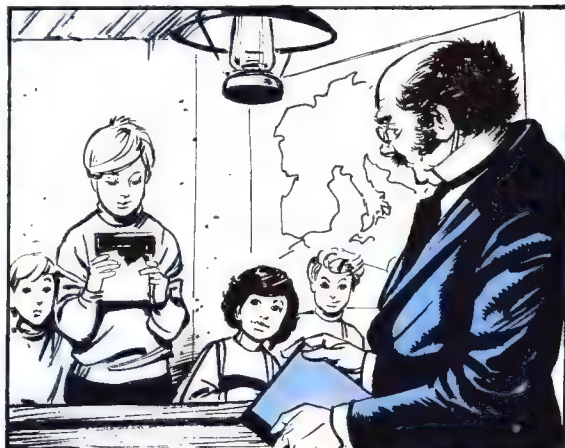
67 In all this happiness, Heidi did not forget Klara and her other city friends. She wrote many letters, and received many in return.



68 She learned that Klara was not strong enough for a long journey yet. But the good doctor was coming! Grandfather and Heidi made everything ready for his visit.



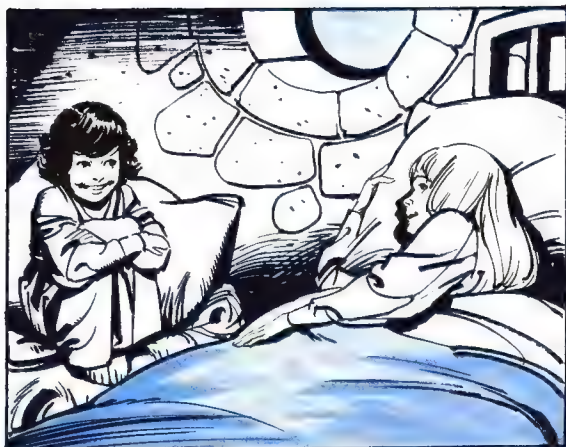
69 The doctor and grandfather soon became firm friends. They talked and smoked their pipes while Heidi played. The autumn days passed quickly, and the doctor returned to the big city.



70 When winter came, grandfather and Heidi went down the mountain to live in the village, so that Heidi could go to school. And wonder of wonders, Heidi taught Peter to read!



71 In the spring, news came that Klara was better. She was coming to visit Heidi with grandmother Sesemann. Heidi was overcome with joy.



72 Klara soon learned to love the mountain as much as Heidi. She loved to sleep in the hayloft beside Heidi. The clean air brought roses to her cheeks, and she began to feel stronger.



73 Each day, grandfather carried Klara up the mountain to the pasture. In a few weeks' time, she felt so much stronger that Heidi and Peter helped her to stand up by herself.



74 Throughout the summer Klara grew stronger. Soon she could walk a few steps. Heidi was overjoyed. It seemed like a miracle.



75 What a wonderful surprise Mr. Sesemann had when he came to see Klara, who had never before been able to stand on her own feet. Heidi had kept the news as a secret!



76 Winter was coming again, and Klara had to go home to the big city. But Heidi knew that her friend would come again to the mountain.



77 How wonderful everything was. There was no happier child in the world than Heidi.



One of the noble ladies from the hunt, resting during a rehearsal



Garland dance from Act I showing the corp de ballet

ONE OF THE LOVELIEST OF ALL THE GREAT BALLETS...

THE Sleeping Beauty

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR YOU BY
MIKE DAVIS

ONE of the best known and loved classics is the Sleeping Beauty. It was first produced in St. Petersburg at the famous Imperial Maryinsky Theatre by the great Petipa in 1890 and set to the immortal music of Tchaikovsky. Originally known as the Sleeping Princess or La Belle au Bois Dormant, it is now universally called The Sleeping Beauty.

Most great ballerinas have at one time or another danced the role of Aurora, the heroine of the story, for it is considered one of Ballet's great roles.



Attendants of the Lilac Fairy



The court ladies with Catalabutte



▲
The King and Queen introduce their daughter, the Princess Aurora to her suitors



▲
The Lilac Fairy (Deanne Bergsma) blesses the infant princess

Jennifer Penney, one of the company's promising stars



Two designers contribute to the great spectacle . . .

No matter which company performs this fabulous ballet, it provides a spectacle which taxes the company's resources to the full and our own Royal Ballet's staging at the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden is no exception.

On the following pages are pictures taken not only of the Royal Ballet company's own production but also that of their school's annual performance. It was thus for many of the students their first professional engagement.

Some of the designs and decor seen here are de Nobili's and some Messel's; but it gives the reader some idea of the versatility and scope of the Royal Ballet's productions of this beautiful ballet.

The Prologue takes place at the Christening party given by King Florestan and his Queen for their baby daughter Aurora. Cattalabute, Master of Ceremonies, ushers in Aurora's Fairy Godmothers, including the Lilac Fairy who all bring magnificent christening presents for the child. Cattalabute however, has forgotten to invite Carabosse, the wicked fairy, who appears on the scene with a crash of thunder. She sweeps in, furiously demanding an explanation. In revenge for this slight, Carabosse places a curse on the infant, declaring that in spite of all the virtues bestowed upon Aurora by the other Fairy Godmothers, she would one day prick her finger and die. The good Lilac Fairy however, changes the curse to one of a hundred years of sleep or until such a time as a young prince should awaken her.

At the beginning of the first act, we find Aurora on her sixteenth birthday party, surrounded by suitors. She charms everyone by her dancing, accompanied by peasant girls bearing flower garlands. The suitors then partner her in the famous "Rose Adagio".



▲ **The Lilac Fairy (Deanne Bergsma) with her attendants**

Catalabutte and the Queen ▶



▲ **Princess Aurora collapses after pricking her finger (Act I)**



▲ **Julia Farron as Carabosse, the Wicked Fairy (Prologue)**





The Princess Aurora (Jennifer Penney) dances the famous Rose Adagio with her suitors (Act I)



The Bluebird pas de deux (Act III)

The Fairies give the Queen their presents for the infant princess (Prologue)



The wicked fairly waits in the shadows . . .

In the background a mysterious shrouded old woman waits until the dancers have finished and then, coming forward, presents Aurora with a spindle. As she gratefully accepts her present she pricks herself and it is then that the old woman reveals herself as the wicked Carabosse. Aurora, already faint, begins to dance deliriously and finally collapses on the ground. At this point the Lilac Fairy appears and reassures the King and Queen that Aurora is only in a deep sleep. At their request the rest of the Court keep her company and the Lilac Fairy surrounds them with an impenetrable forest.

A hundred years later Prince Florimund is wandering through the forest after leaving his companions during a boar hunt when the Lilac Fairy appears and tells him of the Sleeping Beauty showing him a vision of her. As the vision fades, Florimund, overwhelmed by Aurora's beauty, pleads with the Lilac Fairy to lead him to Aurora.

In act three, the Prince, after being led to Aurora's couch by the good fairy, awakens her with a kiss; at which the spell is broken and the whole palace comes to life after its long slumber.

In the final scene or Wedding Scene, we are shown some of ballet's most delightful divertissements, beginning with a Pas de Trois by Florestan and his two sisters. This is followed by the dance of Puss in Boots and the White Cat. Then comes the Blue Bird Pas de Deux, famous for its fragile delicacy, the dance of Little Red Riding Hood followed by the Finale of Aurora and her Florimund. Like all good fairy stories the two lovers marry and live happily ever after.



▲
The Lilac Fairy
and her attendants



▲
The Princess Aurora (Jennifer
Penney) in the Rose Adagio with
one of her four suitors (Keith
Rosson)



The King and Queen
(Leslie Edwards and Gerd
Larsen) and one of the
suitors (Derek Rencher) at
the 16th birthday party of
the Princess Aurora

The King and Queen (Leslie Edwards and Gerd
Larsen)



Jane Landon and Warren de Maria in
the famous Grand pas de deux in
Act III



Pip meets Estella

From *Great Expectations*
by Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens wrote his famous book "Great Expectations" in the middle of the nineteenth century, when poverty and unhappiness were very real. His hero, the orphaned Pip, never dreamed that one day he would be a gentleman with money of his own.

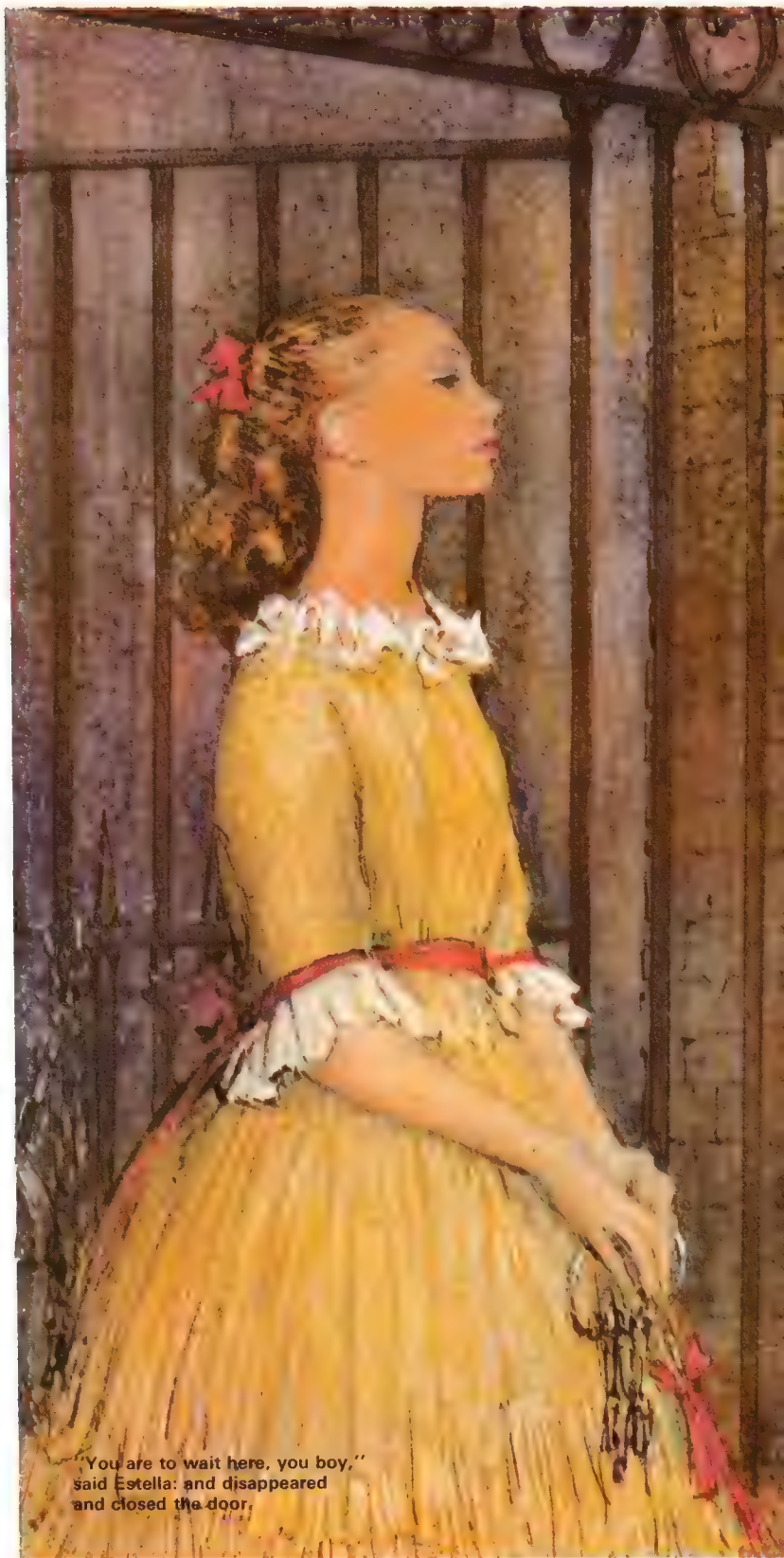
Pip's "Great Expectations" led him to strange adventures, often peopled by weird and alarming characters. One such was Miss Havisham, to whose dark, cobwebbed house he was invited to be playmate to her adopted child, Estella.

In this episode from this famous story Pip meets Estella for the first time. She is indifferent to him, but he vows never to forget her. Nor does he, and at the end of many adventures he is finally re-united with her in much different circumstances from this first meeting.

MISS Havisham turned her eyes from me, and looked at the dress she wore, and at the dressing-table, and finally at herself in the looking-glass.

"So new to him," she muttered, "so old to me; so strange to him, so familiar to me; melancholy to both of us! Call Estella."

As she was still looking at the reflection of herself, I thought she was still talking to herself, and kept quiet.



"You are to wait here, you boy,"
said Estella: and disappeared
and closed the door.



"Call Estella," she repeated, flashing a look at me. "You can do that. Call Estella. At the door."

To stand in the dark in a mysterious passage of an unknown house, bawling Estella to a scornful young lady neither visible nor responsive, and feeling it a dreadful liberty so to roar out her name, was almost as bad as playing to order. But, she answered at last, and her light came along the dark passage like a star.

Miss Havisham beckoned her to come close, and took up a jewel from the table, and tried its effect upon her fair young bosom and against her pretty brown hair.

"Your own one day, my dear, and you will use it well. Let me see you play cards with this boy."

"With this boy! Why, he is a common labouring-boy!"

I thought I overheard Miss Havisham answer—only it seemed so unlikely—"Well? You can break his heart."

"What do you play, boy?" asked Estella of myself, with the greatest disdain.

"Nothing but beggar my neighbour, miss."

"Beggar him," said Miss Havisham to Estella. So we sat down to cards.

It was then I began to understand that everything in the room had stopped, like the watch and the clock, a long time ago. I noticed that Miss Havisham put down the jewel exactly on the spot from which she had taken it up. As Estella dealt the cards, I glanced at the dressing-table again, and saw that the shoe upon it, once white, now yellow, had never been worn. I glanced down at the foot from which the shoe was absent, and saw that the silk stocking on it, once white, now yellow, had been trodden ragged. Without this arrest of everything, this standing still of all the pale decayed objects, not even the withered bridal dress on the collapsed form could have looked so like graveclothes or the long veil so like a shroud.

So she sat, corpse-like as we played at cards; the frillings and trimmings on her bridal dress looking like earthy paper. I knew nothing then of the discoveries that are occasionally made of bodies buried in ancient times, which fall to powder in the moment of being distinctly seen; but, I have often thought since, that she must have looked as if the admission of the

Continued on page 96

natural light of day would have struck her to dust.

"He calls the knaves, Jacks, this boy!" said Estella with disdain, before our first game was out. "And what coarse hands he has! And what thick boots!"

I had never thought of being ashamed of my hands before; but I began to consider them a very indifferent pair. Her contempt for me was so strong, that it became infectious, and I caught it.

She won the game, and I dealt. I misdealt, as was only natural, when I knew she was denouncing me for a stupid, clumsy labouring-boy.

"You say nothing of her," remarked Miss Havisham to me, as she looked on. "She says many hard things of you, yet you say nothing of her. What do you think of her?"

"I don't like to say," I stammered.

"Tell me in my ear," said Miss Havisham, bending down.

"I think she is very proud," I replied in a whisper.

"Anything else?"

"I think she is very pretty."

"Anything else?"

"I think she is very insulting." (She was looking at me then with a look of supreme aversion.)

"Anything else?"

"I think I should like to go home."

"And never see her again, though she is so pretty?"

"I am not sure that I shouldn't like to see her again, but I should like to go home now."

"You shall go soon," said Miss Havisham aloud. "Play the game out."

Weird Smile

Saving for the one weird smile at first, I should have felt almost sure that Miss Havisham's face could not smile. It had dropped into a watchful and brooding expression—most likely when all the things about her had become transfixed—and it looked as if nothing could ever lift it up again. Her chest had dropped so that she stooped; and her voice had dropped, so that she spoke low, and with a dead lull upon her; altogether, she had the appearance of having dropped, body and soul, within and without, under the weight of a crushing blow.

I played the game to an end with Estella, and she begged me. She threw the cards on the table when



Miss Havisham

she had won them all, as if she despised them for having been won of me.

"When shall I have you here again?" said Miss Havisham. "Let me think."

I was beginning to remind her that to-day was Wednesday, when she checked me with her former impatient movement of the fingers of her right hand.

"There, there! I know nothing of days of the week; I know nothing of weeks of the year. Come again after six days. You hear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Estella, take him down. Let him have something to eat, and let him roam and look about him while he eats. Go, Pip."

I followed the candle down, as I had followed the candle up, and she stood it in the place where she had found it. Until she opened the side entrance, I had fancied, without thinking about it, that it must necessarily be night-time. The rush of the daylight quite confounded me, and made me feel as if I had been in the candlelight of the strange room many hours.

"You are to wait here, you boy," said Estella; and disappeared and closed the door.

I took the opportunity of being alone in the courtyard, to look at my coarse hands and my common boots. My opinion of those accessories was not favourable. They had never troubled me before, but they troubled me now, as vulgar appendages. I determined to ask Joe why he had ever taught me to call those picture-cards, Jacks, which ought to be called knaves. I wished Joe had been rather more genteelly brought up, and then I should have been so too.

She came back, with some bread and meat and a little mug of beer. She put the mug down on the stones of the yard, and gave me the bread and meat without looking at me, as insolently as if I were a dog in disgrace. I was so humiliated, hurt, spurned, offended, angry, sorry—I cannot hit upon the right name for the smart—God knows what its name was—that tears started to my eyes. The moment they sprang there, the girl looked at me with a quick delight in having been the cause of them. This gave me power to keep them back and to look at her: so, she gave a contemptuous toss—but with a sense, I thought, of having made too sure that I was so wounded—and left me.

Sindy

TO THE RESCUE

The real-life adventures of that famous fashion doll, Sindy

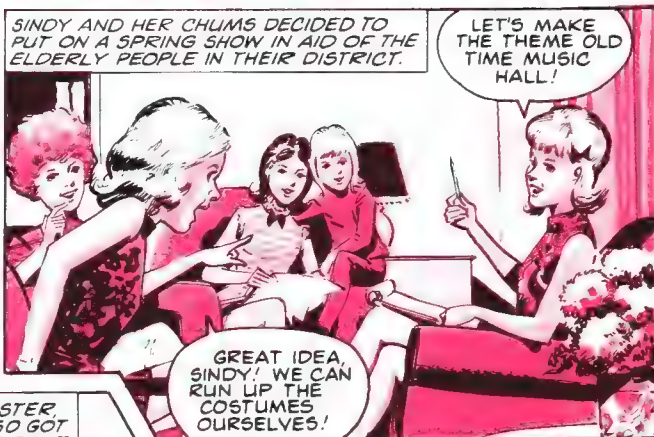
SINDY



PATCH

SINDY AND HER CHUMS DECIDED TO PUT ON A SPRING SHOW IN AID OF THE ELDERLY PEOPLE IN THEIR DISTRICT.

LET'S MAKE THE THEME OLD TIME MUSIC HALL!



GREAT IDEA, SINDY! WE CAN RUN UP THE COSTUMES OURSELVES!

A FEW DAYS LATER.



THE ELEGANT TOFF FROM UP WEST!

SINDY'S SISTER, PATCH, ALSO GOT HERSELF A PART.



I'M THE BLACK-FACE COMEDIAN!

GO ON! IT'S JUST AN EXCUSE FOR NOT WASHING!

HOW DARE YOU? WE ARTISTS ARE TEMPERAMENTAL, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?



MORE TEMPER THAN MENTAL, IF YOU ASK ME!

ON THE NIGHT OF THE CONCERT, SINDY DROVE TOWARDS THE HALL THEY HAD HIRED.

YOU SHOULD HAVE GOT DRESSED AT HOME, LIKE ME.



I DIDN'T HAVE TIME! I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE LATER!

THEN THE CAR SLOWED TO A SUDDEN STOP.

OH, NO! WE'RE OUT OF PETROL! WHAT WITH REHEARSALS AND EVERYTHING, I FORGOT TO FILL UP!



FORGETTING THINGS IS A SIGN OF OLD AGE, YOU KNOW!





THERE HE IS! LOOK OUT!



OH, DEAR! HE WALKED RIGHT INTO THE SIDE OF THE CAR!

LUCKILY, THE MAN WAS ONLY SLIGHTLY BRUISED.

IT WAS ALL MY FAULT... COR? IT'S THE BLACK-FACED KID WHO GAVE ME FIVE BOB A MINUTE AGO!



TWENTY FIVE PENCE, YOU MEAN!



CAN WE TAKE YOU HOME?

I WAS ON MY WAY TO BUSK FOR A FRIEND OF MINE WHO'S ILL. HIS STAND'S OVER AT THE CREMORNE CINEMA!



WE'LL RUN YOU THERE!

THE NAME'S DAN DALTON AND IF I EVER GET A CHANCE TO PAY YOU BACK...

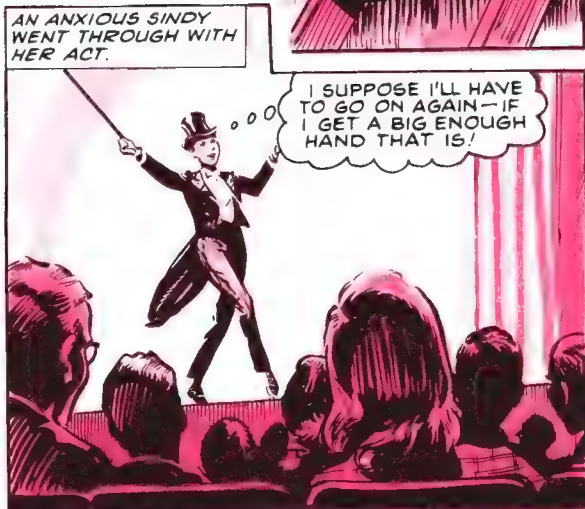
IN YOU GET!



YOU'RE STILL TOO SHAKEN TO DO ANYTHING! WE'LL UNDERSTUDY FOR YOU!

WE'RE HERE AND THERE'S THE QUEUE...



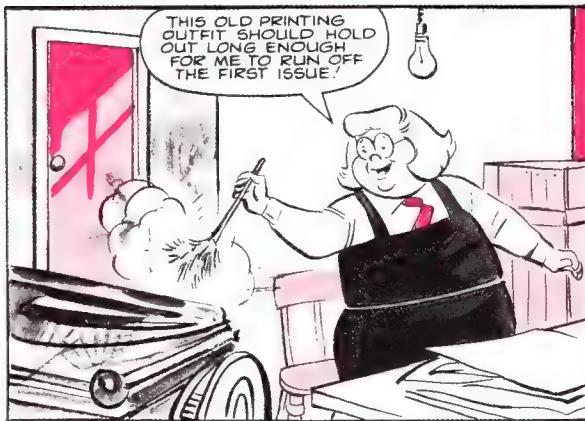
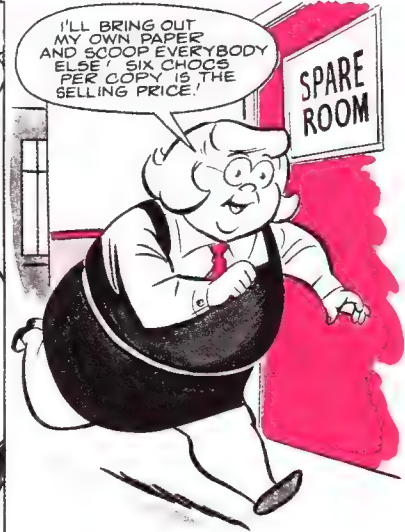






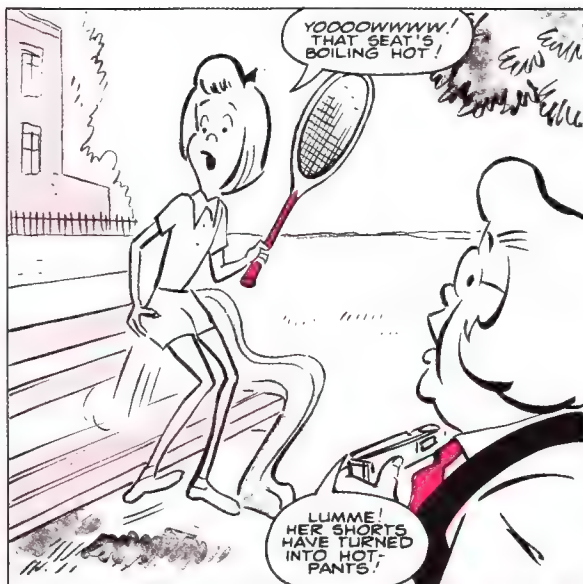
Bessie Bunter

Your plump chump—sorry, chum!













sister to a soccer star

LINDY KING HAS WORKED HARD TO FURTHER BROTHER KEVIN'S SOCCER CAREER WITH CAMFIELD ATHLETIC FOOTBALL CLUB. AND NOW THE TEAM IS ONE GAME AWAY FROM PROMOTION...



BUT AT THE SPECTATORS' ENTRANCE...



AT HOME THAT NIGHT...

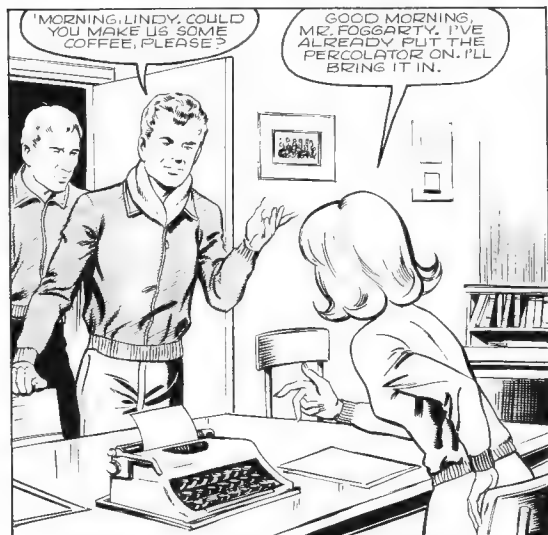


LATER, LINDY IS ASSAILED BY DOUBT...



NEXT MORNING...





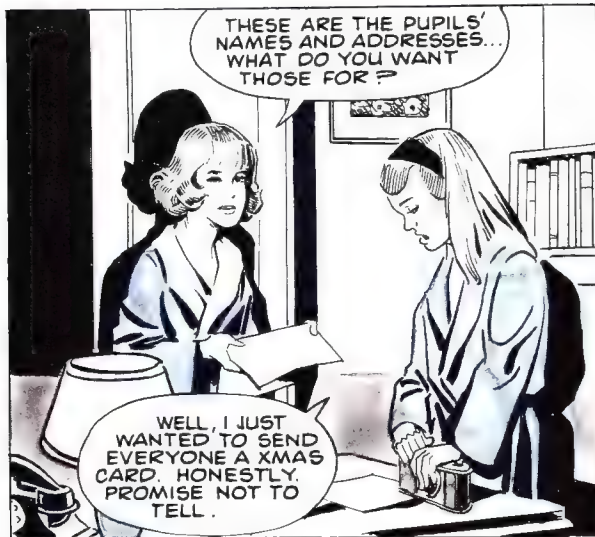




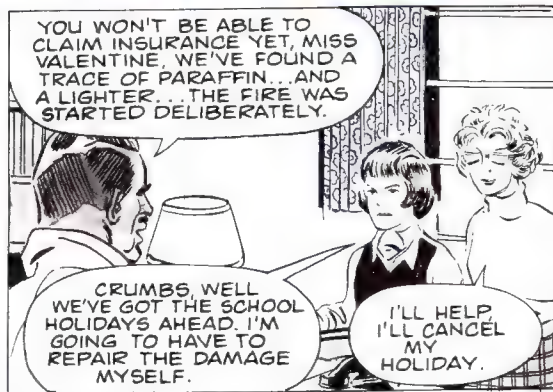


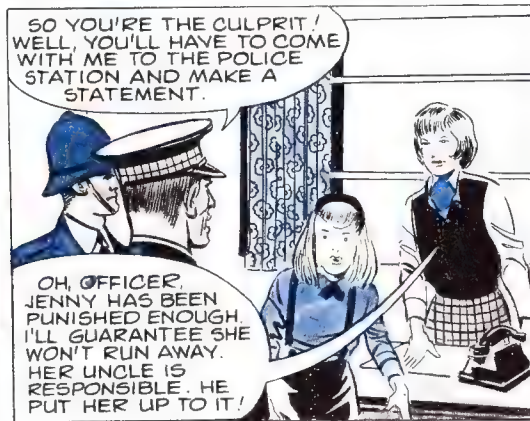
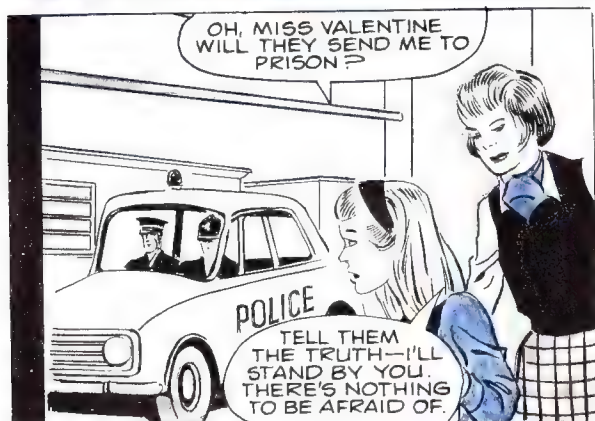
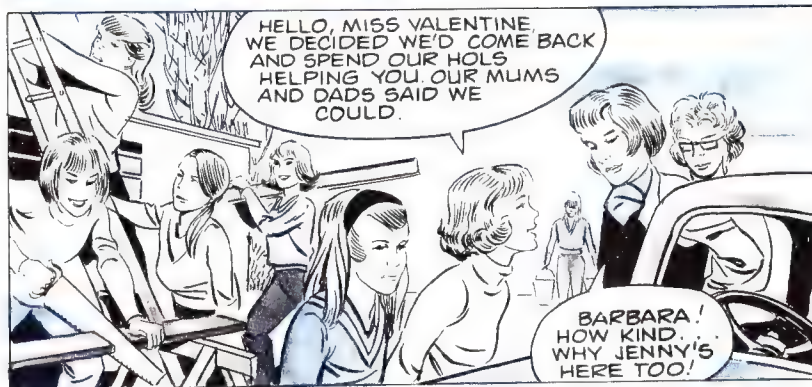
The Girls of Liberty Lodge

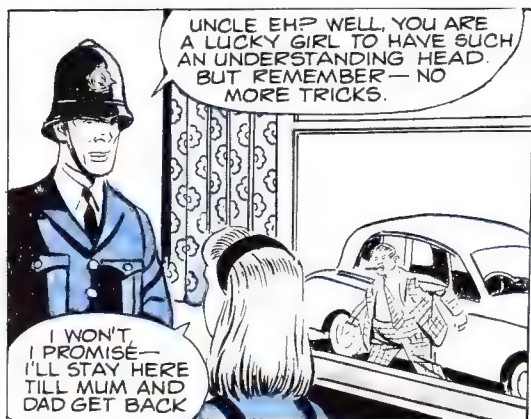






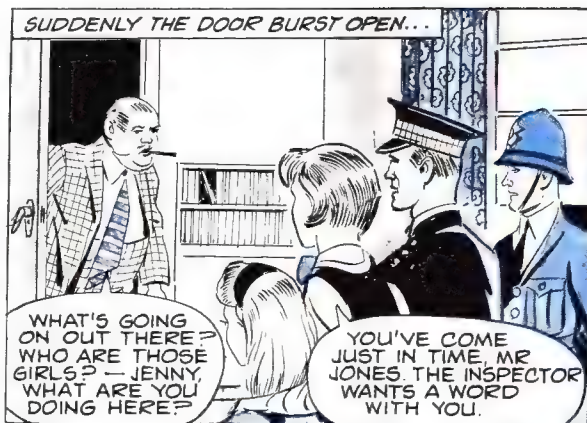






UNCLE EHP WELL, YOU ARE A LUCKY GIRL TO HAVE SUCH AN UNDERSTANDING HEAD. BUT REMEMBER—NO MORE TRICKS.

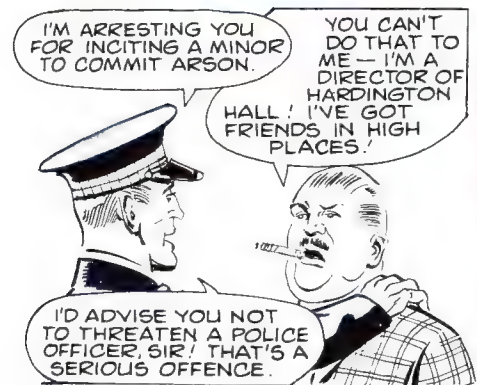
I WON'T, I PROMISE—I'LL STAY HERE TILL MUM AND DAD GET BACK



SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURST OPEN...

WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE? WHO ARE THOSE GIRLS?—JENNY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

YOU'VE COME JUST IN TIME, MR JONES. THE INSPECTOR WANTS A WORD WITH YOU.



I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR INCITING A MINOR TO COMMIT ARSON.

YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO ME—I'M A DIRECTOR OF HARDINGTON HALL! I'VE GOT FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES!

I'D ADVISE YOU NOT TO THREATEN A POLICE OFFICER, SIR! THAT'S A SERIOUS OFFENCE.



A FEW DAYS LATER...

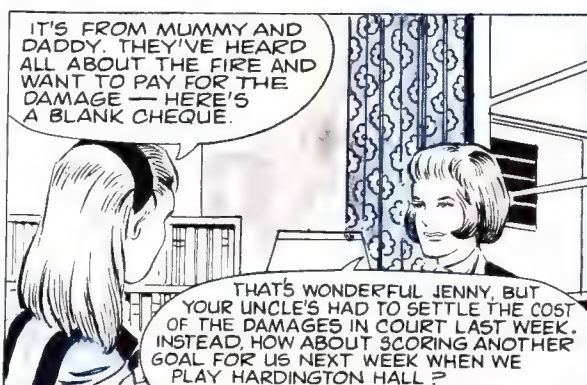
I WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW PROUD AND HAPPY I AM. NOW YOU CAN CONTINUE YOUR HOLIDAYS—SOME OF YOU WON'T BE COMING BACK, BUT—

BUT WE WILL! OUR PARENTS AGREED WE'D HATE HARDINGTON HALL AND MISS STEELE!



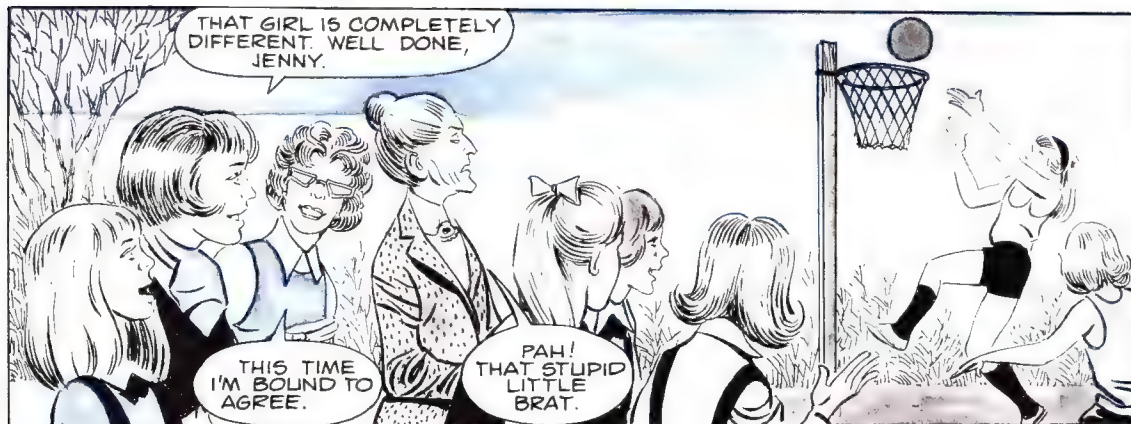
THIS IS ALL DUE TO YOU, BARBARA. I'M GRATEFUL. NEXT TERM, WE ALL START AFRESH. THE PAST IS GONE. JENNY'S SORRY FOR WHAT SHE DID AND SHE'S GOING TO STAY WITH US.

OH, THAT NIGHT IN THE STUDY—THAT'S WHY SHE WANTED OUR ADDRESSES.



IT'S FROM MUMMY AND DADDY. THEY'VE HEARD ALL ABOUT THE FIRE AND WANT TO PAY FOR THE DAMAGE—HERE'S A BLANK CHEQUE.

THAT'S WONDERFUL JENNY, BUT YOUR UNCLE'S HAD TO SETTLE THE COST OF THE DAMAGES IN COURT LAST WEEK. INSTEAD, HOW ABOUT SCORING ANOTHER GOAL FOR US NEXT WEEK WHEN WE PLAY HARDINGTON HALL?

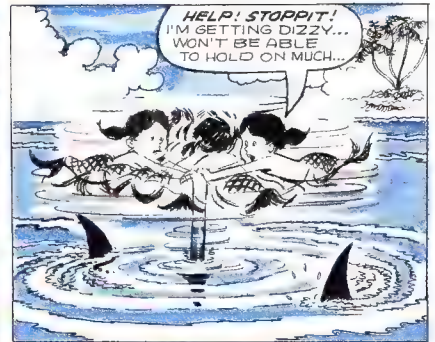
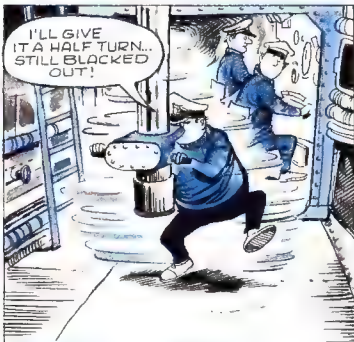
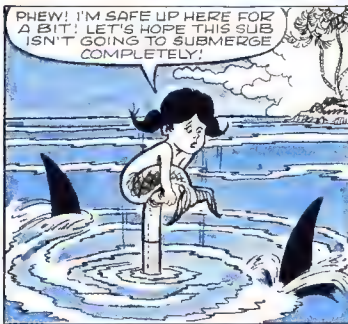
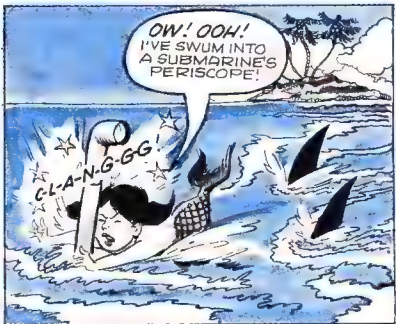
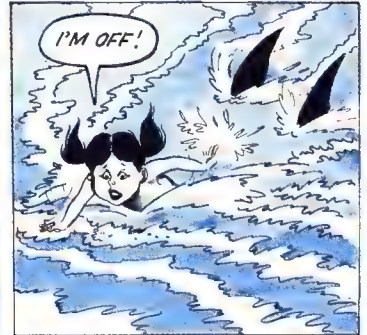
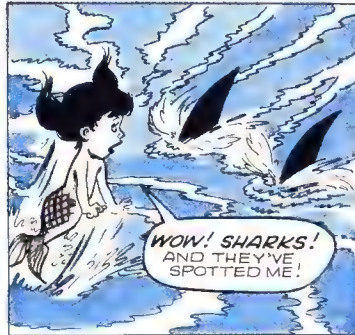
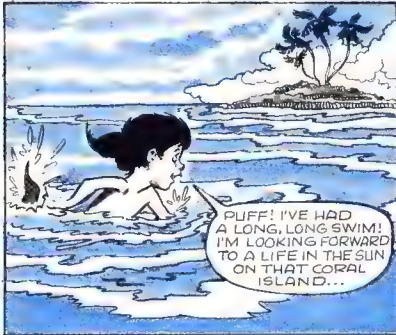


THAT GIRL IS COMPLETELY DIFFERENT. WELL DONE, JENNY.

THIS TIME I'M BOUND TO AGREE.

PAH! THAT STUPID LITTLE BRAT.

MILLY the merry mermaid





OH, TINKER!

She's the fairy with the mixed-up magic

TINKER IS A FAIRY WHO TRIES VERY HARD TO HELP PEOPLE IN DISTRESS. BUT SOMETIMES HER SPELLS GO WRONG AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS, TINKER IS THE ONE WHO NEEDS HELP!

I'LL DROP IN AND SEE HOW MY ANIMAL FRIENDS ARE KEEPING!

ONE DAY, THE YOUNG FAIRY FLEW BY THE ZOO



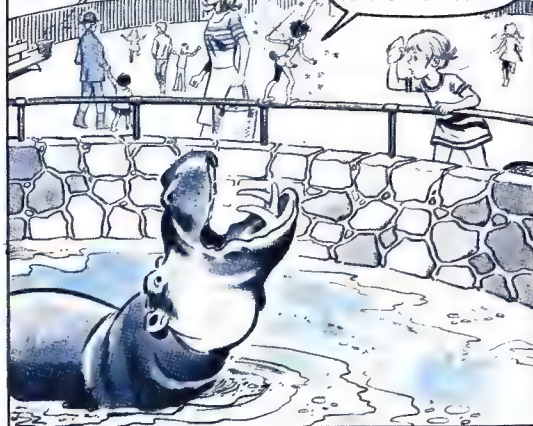
I'LL THROW THE HIPPO THIS STALE BUN! I DON'T SUPPOSE THAT WILL HARM HIM!



BUT IT WILL! HE'LL HAVE STOMACH ACHE, AND WHAT A STOMACH TO HAVE AN ACHE IN!

TINKER MAKES A QUICK SPELL

BY BROTHER MOON AND SISTER SUN...



PLEASE DON'T LET HIPPO TAKE THAT BUN!

IT'S COMING BACK!

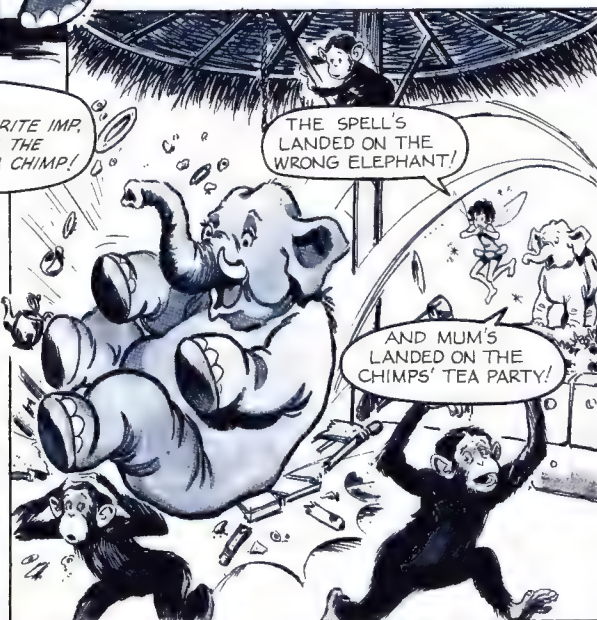
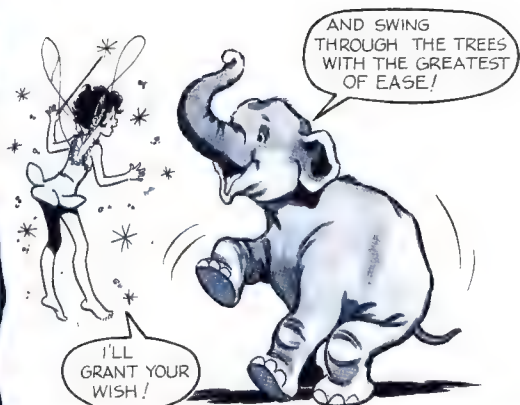
ULLLPPPP!



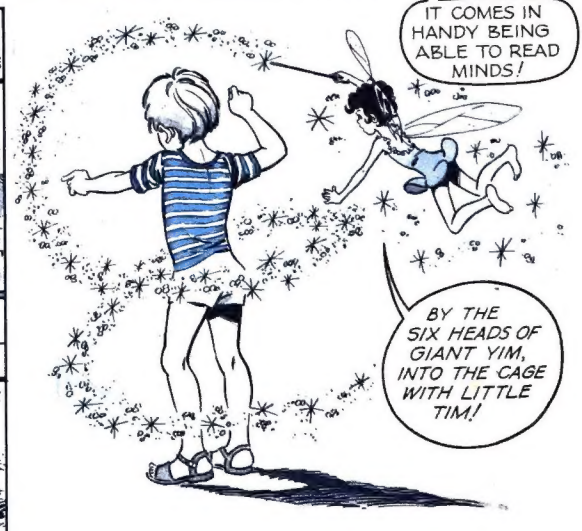
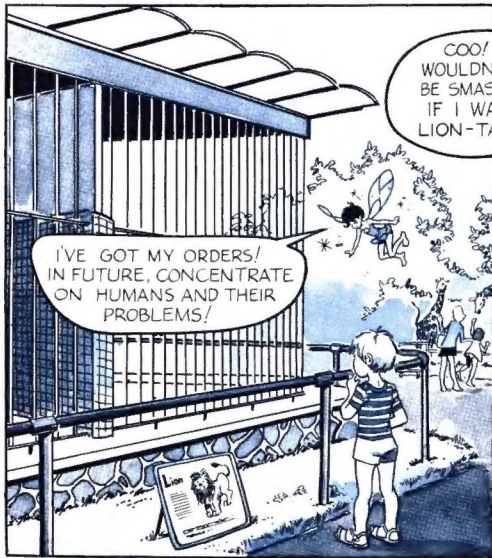
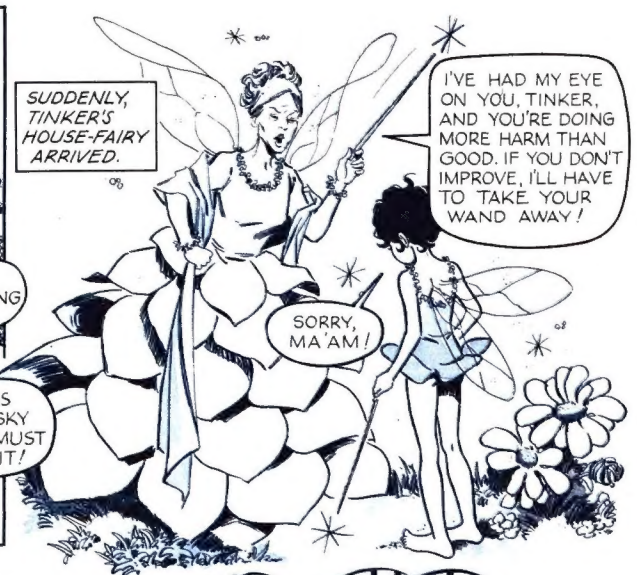
ANGELA! FANCY TRYING TO EAT A STALE OLD BUN! AT YOUR AGE, TOO! NO MORE TREATS FOR YOU!

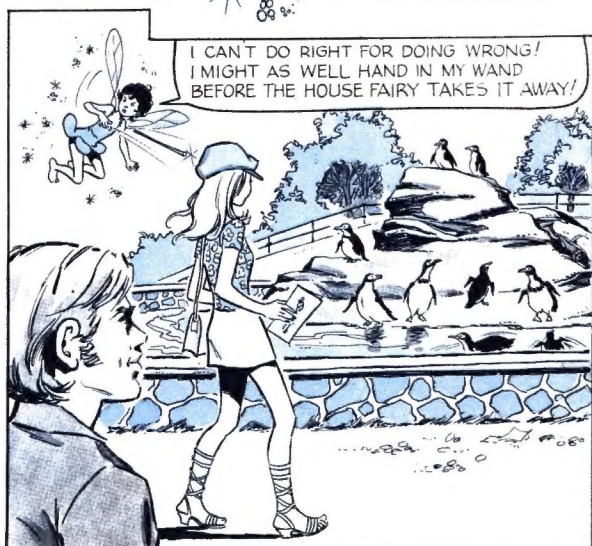
HA! HA! SERVES HER RIGHT!

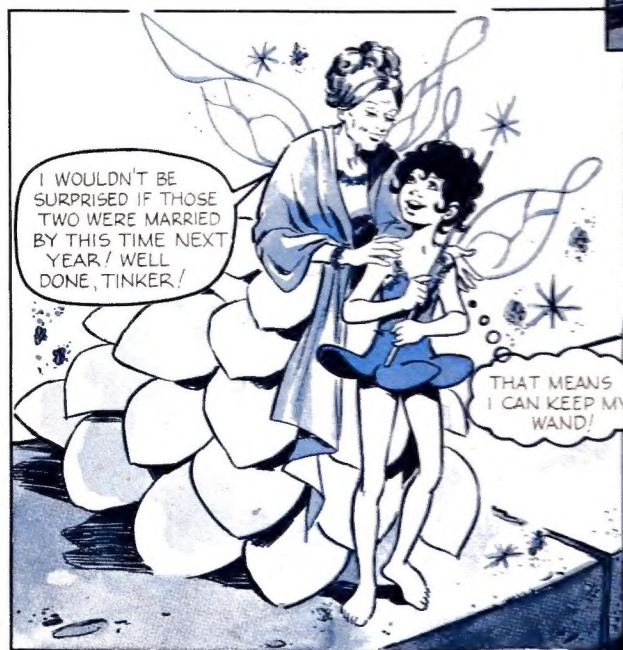










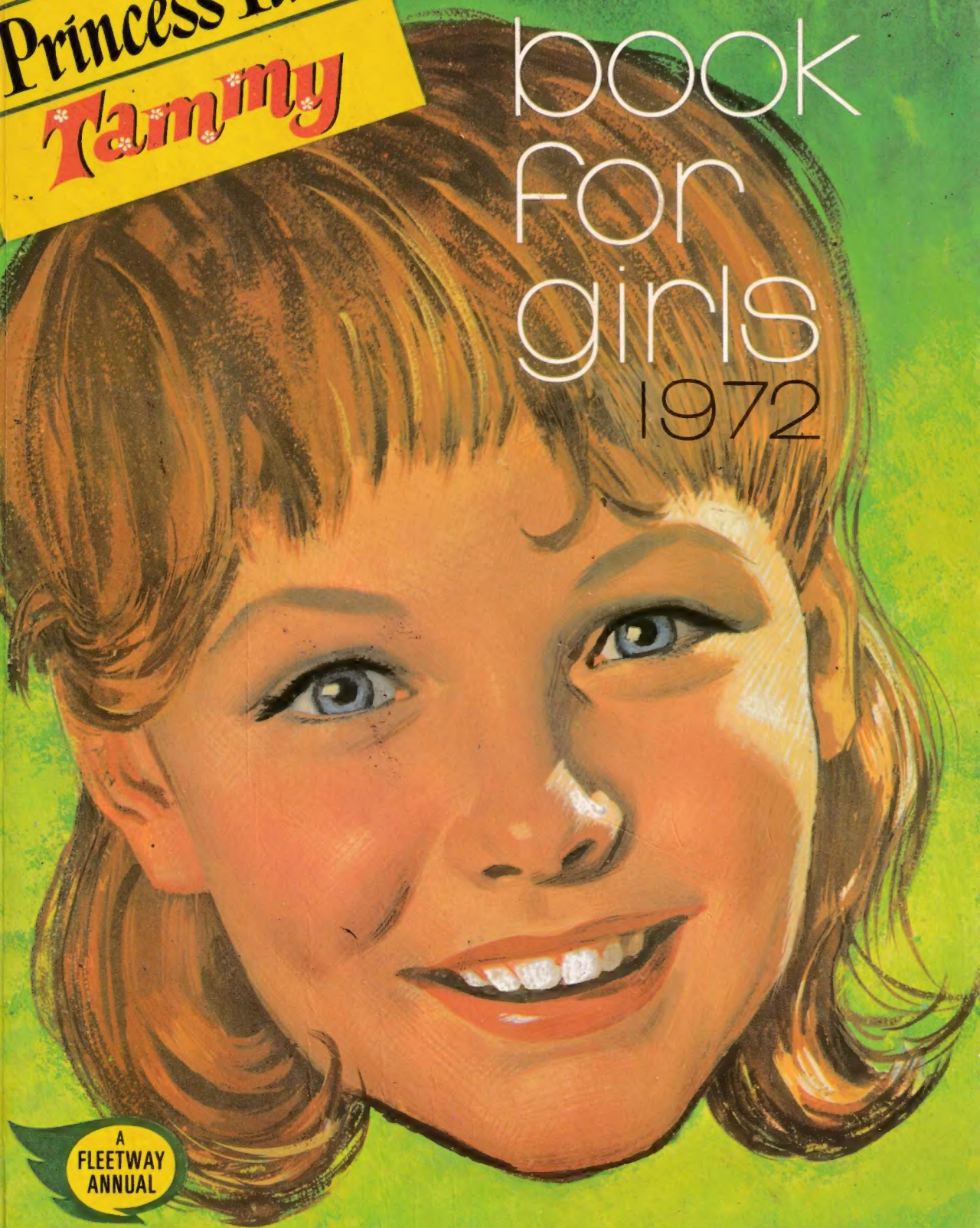


June and
SCHOOL FRIEND

Princess Tina

Tammy

BIRTHDAY book for girls 1972



A
**FLEETWAY
ANNUAL**